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RICE

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Come to our place!

By DIMITY BELL

WHEN people say, "Let's have a party," I am always the nice little girl who says, "Come to our place!"

In the gay old days before the war this built me up an enviable reputation for hospitality.

And when Jim first went into camp he knew he could always bring home the gang, who would say:

"Wish my Missus was as easy-going as yours."

This "Come to our place" cry was, I am sorry to admit, born in pure selfishness.

I LIKE my own house best. It sounds snug, but at heart I'm an old maid, a natural homebody, in spite of my husband and two children.

When I go out to a party, ten to one the seat I'm given is uncomfortable or in a draught. Worse still, I have friends whose furnishing was frozen, so to speak, by the war.

"Of course we haven't enough chairs," they say, "but there's plenty of cushions. We can sit on the floor when the party gets under way."

Which is all very well for the hostess, who is too busy tearing

between kitchen, and front door anyway to sit on the floor. But I sit. And I don't like it.

In prewar days it was the combination of the delivery system and Jean, our help, which was responsible for the nonchalant way I gave parties.

But Jean was called up to work for a lunatic asylum. She went round in a daze, saying in awed tones, "To think they picked me."

Jim pointed out that if she wanted to help people who were mentally sick, why not stay with us? But with a disdainful look, she went.

In the Jean era I used to wave away compliments with my dusty-rose-tipped hands. You should see them now, dusty still, but no rose.

I would spend hours arranging fancy savories, deciding whether to use the lace cloth or the damask, while Jean, as I discovered later, did the real work.

When Jim came back from the war he told me that one of the things he used to think of in the jungle was the way I would say "Come to our place."

So now I'm getting my deserts. Unwilling to disillusion him, I still say it.

My friends think it's just wonderful the way I lug home string-



Jim says he'll fix some scrambled eggs before they go. How is your kitchen after your husband has fixed a snack?

bags full of things with the children tagging alongside.

They would think it was still more wonderful if they could see me with my little case, feeling like a secret drinker, in a queue, being told, as like as not, "Only muscat, lady."

They know as well as I do the physical exhaustion of getting the house into a pre-party shine; the mental exhaustion of brain-acrobatics in changing the menu at a second's notice when the butcher says, "Sorry, none to-day, lady."

And the panic that sets in an hour before the guests arrive, when you wonder whatever made you think you could give a party, and the horror of the washing up.

Ah, there goes the doorbell. It's Edna and Ralph with a large woman looming in the background. "Auntie, on a visit," they explain.

Praying that Auntie is a teetotaler I beam and say I'm delighted. I know quite well that Auntie will demolish the muscat and disapprove of everyone, while Edna and Ralph have a whacking time.

Scrambled eggs

THERE is always one point in the evening when I could murder Jim.

That is when the guests have really decided to go, and I, sagging at the knees, am grateful.

Jim, fresh from his commando training, says: "I'll fix some scrambled eggs before you go."

How is your kitchen after your husband has fixed a snack?

You may wonder, then, why I still say "Come to our place."

At other people's places I am always being made to do things I don't like.

The Whosits are always thinking up some stunt. "Let's dress up,"

they shriek. They are frustrated theatricals, I think.

I don't say they are not amusing, but having spent an hour dressing myself elegantly I have no wish to give an imitation of a blackface comedian.

Once I landed on a party where we all had to play snakes and ladders.

I daresay it was a scream for some of the guests, who had all, as far as I could see, been to several parties beforehand.

But personally I would have been just as happy at one of my Mamma's prewar riots, where Uncle Willie sang "Asleep in the Deep."

No, even when at my own place I am wearily emptying ash-trays, retrieving sausage ends from behind the flower vases, and surveying the washing-up, there is one beautiful thought.

One reason why I'm still glad they came to my place.

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AND YET I LOVE HER

By DOROTHY BLACK

FORCED by her mother to marry wealthy D. A. N. CAREY at seventeen, MARA BORDEN, heart-broken, renounces her real love, penniless ship's officer PEREGRINE GAIRLOCH.

On a visit to the East six years later, Mara, now a widow, befriends NANCY DEAN in Rangoon, after Pearl Harbor. Nancy's husband, PHILLIP, manager of the Bassein Rice Company, is in hospital in Rangoon awaiting an operation, and their child, DICKIE, is stranded at Bassein, so Mara offers to go and fetch him on the only available vessel—a cargo boat going there to load rice.

SANDY, the chief officer, receives her hospitably, but she is warned that the captain is harsh and unfriendly, resenting the presence of a woman aboard. To her amazement, it transpires that he is Peregrine. As he gives no sign of recognizing her at their first meeting, Mara intercepts him on the deck that night and tells him who she is.

Now read on—

"GET off this deck," Peregrine said harshly, ignoring Mara's words as completely as though he had not heard them. "I've told you. No one is allowed down here after ten at night. I'm not used to speaking twice."

Mara stood looking at him, dumb-founded. Then, without a word, she turned and went into the cabin. I shouldn't have spoken to him. Not to-night she thought. Sandy was right. He's not quite normal. Maybe he didn't hear.

But she knew in her own heart he had heard. More, she knew that he had recognised her all along, and didn't want to. A man might not recognise her after six years, but he couldn't have forgotten even her name.

She shivered, making excuses for him as a woman will. It was very late. Sandy had said that he wasn't himself, after he'd been ashore. Maybe to-morrow, she thought.

He did not appear at breakfast. Sandy said he had been up all night, and was now sleeping. Mara sat in a long chair on the deck under the awning, a strange, hot ache in her heart.

Peregrine did not appear at lunch, either. Sandy had it alone with her. The two men whom she called Tweedledum and Tweedledee were both engaged on some unspecified duty amidst the ship.

After lunch he brought his gramophone out and put it down beside her. "If you'd care for a tune, you just play it. But maybe softly," he said. "For he's not in a very good mood."

"Is he—often like this?"

"Think nothing of it," said Sandy pacifically. "I'm thinking he doesn't care about having a woman in his ship. Maybe that's what will be upsetting him. It's a pity, a fine man the like of him, but there it is. In one day, or maybe two, it will be over. Then he'll be in a good mood again. And then you'll find a grander companion anywhere in this world."

There was nothing for it but to wait, hoping a good mood would set in before they arrived at Bassein.

She took endless pains with her appearance that evening, brushing her hair till it shone, tying it back with a ribbon the way he had liked of old. He had said, she remembered, that it made her look like Alice in Wonderland. She went into the saloon when the cracked gong summoned them to dinner, to find the captain already in his place. He did not look at her, and only

made a rather perfunctory gesture of rising. He had been talking to Tweedledee when she came in, and he went on talking to Tweedledee, who made a point of agreeing with everything he said, before he finished saying it.

Meantime, Mara sat feeling shy as a child at a strange party, and at the same time resentful. Men as a rule did not ignore her.

When at length he spoke to her, he was brusque and offhand.

"I hope you are fairly comfortable, and that Sandy has been looking after you. This isn't a passenger ship. I'm afraid there are few amenities. But mercifully the voyage isn't a long one."

"Sandy has been hospitably itself."

"Good thing someone has a social gift. Third here," he fixed the luckless Tweedledee with a hard eye, "can sing, I believe. You should get him to sing to you. A change from Sandy's eternal gramophone."

Tweedledee reddened. He bullies them, thought Mara. That's what Sandy meant when he said the devil rode him.

"Second here," said the captain, turning on Tweedledum, "cannot sing. But he is making a lovely strip of carpet. He hooks wool through canvas in his spare time. A very ladylike accomplishment. Second. Speak up. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

Tweedledum gulped respectfully. "Yes, sir. It's a strip of stair carpet." He turned to Mara politely.

"Better look out. She may marry you for your strip of carpet," said the captain.

Tweedledum gasped. Mara, sorry for him, tried to laugh it off. "Don't worry. You are quite safe, Second," she said. "I have lots of carpet."

Peregrine looked at her then. Looked at her fair and square for the first time.

"Of course. You are a rich woman with plenty of everything." Mara's breath caught for a moment. Then he did know her. He hadn't really forgotten. He remembered enough to launt her. Then why did he pretend he didn't?

Dinner wasn't a very exhilarating meal. Peregrine had a dig at every one in turn, then cursed the boy because the coffee was cold and bad, and went up the ladder again on to the bridge. Only Sandy remained on the deck with her. He seemed depressed.

"I'm thinking he has had bad news he's not been telling us," he said, shaking his head. "I've never known him in a mood as black as you, that has lasted so long. Usually when we get back on board, he's quickly himself. Well, to-morrow night we'll be docked in Bassein, and there's no place there a man can go ashore and beat it up. Maybe he'll be in a better mood on the way back. I'm sorry you're not seeing him at his best."

Maybe, she thought, he doesn't know Dan is dead. Perhaps he'd be friendlier if he realised all that is over and done with. And she thought, desperately, I've got to see him somehow before we arrive.

Peregrine came down the ladder just after ten. He did not see her. He went to the saloon and poured himself out a glass of water. He carried it out on to the deck, and would have gone back to the bridge, but she called him.

"Peregrine. Please. I want to talk to you."

She was surprised at the note of pleading in her voice. She had never before pleaded with any man. For one moment she thought he was



"Ferdie is my special friend," Dickie told Mara, gazing fondly at the monkey.

going to ignore her request, then he turned abruptly.

"What is it you want? Sandy has instructions to attend—"

"Sandy can't attend to this," she said, quietly, suddenly feeling mistress of herself again. "Why are you pretending not to know me? It seems to me rather—stupid."

There was a silence so long that she thought he was not going to answer her. Then, "I don't know you. I never knew you. It was my misfortune to think just for a little while, that I did," he said quietly. "I've paid for my idocy."

"You were the only one who ever did know me. You don't understand. You don't know what happened!" "I understand only too well. A higher bidder appeared on the scene. The story is old as the hills, but at the time I was just a mug. It was new to me."

"Peregrine, please—" "Yes, Mrs. Carey. By the way, my name is Gairloch—Captain Gairloch—in this ship."

"Won't you listen?" She laid a hand on his arm, but he shook it off angrily, moving away from her.

"No," he said. "You are going to be the one to listen. If you think I am going to be your plaything a second time, you are quite mistaken."

Once bitten, twice shy. You made a fool of me once, my dear, but I'm taking no more headers into that trap. Better try your blandishments on Sandy this time."

"Perry, what's happened to you!" she said, shocked.

"What's happened to me! I went through torture and messed up a promising career—for a woman. For a little chit of a girl I should have put out of my mind with a laugh. But I was young then, you see. I had ideals. I didn't know how full the world is of women. I believed what people said. One of the rottenest mistakes youth can make."

"You don't mean—because of me!" she said, incredulous.

"Don't pretend you know nothing about it. I expect you've often boasted that a poor fellow went to the devil because of you."

"I never heard a thing about you. I often wondered. I wanted to know—"

He laughed an unpleasant, harsh laugh, and now she felt it was not the man she had once known that she was talking to at all. It was some stranger.

"Perry," she said. "Will you let me explain?"

"Mrs. Carey," he said grimly. "I don't want your explanations. Men are fools, but few men are the same kind of fool twice. I now know all I want to know about you, thanks. You are a rich widow. You are temporarily bored, and it would be quite amusing, wouldn't it, to have another shot at the same old target? But I'm older and not quite so guileless now."

She turned away. There was nothing more to be said.

"And get off this deck," was his parting shot, hurled at her over his shoulder, when he was half-way up the ladder. "I have told you before, no one is allowed out here after ten o'clock."

She was crying when she got to her cabin. She sat down on the sofa bunk, tears running unchecked down her cheeks. He knew she was a widow. That meant he had heard talk, and she could guess the kind of talk. Dollie Kenyon was a twittering, emotional little woman, who had broadcast a romantic story of Mara having come East to get over the shock of Dan's death.

Please turn to page 15

Six Little Brothers

By PEGGY WRIGHT

WHEN the man with the youthful face and greying hair came to live in the flat across the passage from Susan Grey, she wasn't very pleased about it. She suspected that he was going to be a nuisance from the moment she first heard his voice bidding her a cheerful good morning. She nodded briefly, and hurried on.

Susan had seen more than enough of men in her day. She'd been the eldest in a family, with six brothers, and by the time she was old enough to live her own life she'd decided that there was no room for men in it. Now, at 35, she had a comfortable flat, plenty of good clothes and books, intelligent friends, and an interesting job.

She hadn't seen much of her brothers since they'd all grown up, and she didn't exactly encourage their rare visits.

When Susan returned home later that day she heard her electric bell tinkle, and answered its summons to find the new tenant on the doormat.

"I'm sorry to bother you," he said, apologetically, "but I wonder if you'd let me buy half a pound of butter from you? I forgot all about it, and it's too late to get any now."

There was a moment's uneasy silence, while Susan thought indignantly that this was just like a man. They didn't have enough sense to look after themselves. But she didn't like to refuse, and she asked him, not very graciously, to wait while she got the butter from the ice-chest.

"My name's Rod Melchett," he said with an engaging grin when she returned with the butter.

Obviously he expected a friendly reply, as he fished in his disreputable pockets for change, and Susan told him her name unwillingly, and pre-

pared to close the door. But Rod was saying amusing things about some of the other tenants he'd seen round, and talking wistfully about feeling such a stranger, and somehow Susan found that she'd asked him to share a pot of tea with her before he went back to his flat, and they were together in the tiny kitchen before she quite realised it.

Over the tea and cigarettes Rod told her that he'd been discharged from the Army, and was taking a rest spell before he started work again. His mother had died while he was away.

With a sense of pleasure that surprised her, she accepted Rod's casual invitation to drop in and look over his flat the next afternoon.

This visit was the prelude to a friendship that left Susan slightly bewildered, but definitely pleased.

It seemed that at last she was to have some of the fun she had missed when she was years younger, and too busy trying to get on to be bothered with frivolous things.

Rod liked to stroll along the main street licking a large pink ice-cream. He had a fancy for riding on merry-go-rounds, and taking peanuts to the pictures.

He was still muddling along in his bachelor flat, which he occasionally cleaned with a burst of enthusiasm.

Susan noted with anxiety that each time she went there seemed to be a great many egg-shells and empty milk bottles and overflowing ash-trays lying about the place. But she was too busy enjoying herself to do anything practical about cleaning up.

Sometimes Susan talked about her

childhood, and one day she told Rod exactly how she felt about her six brothers. Rather to her surprise, he became unusually silent, making practically no comment.

They were sitting together on the beach one afternoon a week later, when he said abruptly:

"I can't imagine you ever as a little cottage girl with curls clustering round your head. I'll bet you looked like a fashion-plate even when you were a kid."

"I didn't have much time to look like one," sighed Susan.

"Do you really enjoy being one now?" asked Rod, his face suddenly serious.

Susan thought for a moment.

"Most of the time I do," she said. "After years of looking after other people a woman gets to like just looking after herself. It feels good not to have to worry over someone else's damp shoes or fresh collars."

Rod started rolling a cigarette and said, looking out to sea, "And yet I should imagine looking after someone could get to be such a habit that you'd almost miss all the worry when you knocked off."

Susan looked at him in surprise. "Why, yes, you're right," she said. "It does become a sort of second nature. But how did you guess?"

Rod grinned. "I've seen the look in your eye sometimes when you glance round my untidy flat," he told her.

He tossed a pebble into the sea, still grinning at her impudently.

"Care to come for a walk after tea?" he asked.

As she hesitated he said, very softly, "There's something I've been wanting to ask you, and I think it's about time I did."

Susan caught her breath in a little gasp, and then said, in a slightly shaky voice, "Couldn't you ask me now, Rod?"

"Well," said Rod, suddenly losing his air of confidence, "I don't suppose you'll be interested, really, and it's an awful cheek asking you so soon, and when I tell you the truth about myself you'll probably never speak to me again, but—I love you, Susan. Will you marry me soon?"

Susan just gasped again, then Rod's arms were round her.

Some time later Rod pushed Susan away from him, gently.



Rather anxiously Susan took in the details of the untidy table.

"I still haven't told you the awful truth about myself," he said.

"Nothing could make any difference," Susan told him, her eyes shining.

"Oh, yes it could," said Rod miserably. "You see, I didn't tell you before, because of hints you let drop about what a nuisance your brothers were, but—I was a school-teacher before the war, and I've just been asked to take charge of St John's School for Boys. I'm going into residence next month, and if you marry me you'll have to go and live there with me—and sixty boarders. I couldn't give up the

job, I'm afraid. I quite like youngsters. So now you know the worst."

Susan felt a little dizzy. Instead of six small boys, there would be sixty. They would make themselves ill eating too much cake, and their parents would worry her to death, and Rod would talk about them in the evenings.

She thought of all the implications, but suddenly, and to her surprise, she realised that the prospect didn't horrify her.

She touched Rod's arm, and he looked up anxiously. But just one quick glance and he stopped drawing figures in the sand.

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FAIR STRANGER

By ...

McKNIGHT MALMAR

AFTER the men rose from the breakfast table there was a long silence. The two women did not move nor speak. Evalina began to clear off the dishes, her dark face sullen beneath her white kerchief.

At the head of the long table Mrs. Parton sat like a square, good-humored Buddha, staring out of the window. The good humor, however, was only the imprint of years of it, not of her present mood. She was, in reality, seriously disturbed.

Lyle Venner crumbled a corn muffin into a careful little volcano on her plate, unaware of what she was doing. Her low voice, making its commonplace request, was almost startling.

"I think I'd like another cup of coffee," she said. "Do you have some out there, Evalina?"

Evalina's teeth gleamed suddenly white. "Sho' do, Miss Lyle."

Mrs. Parton was pricked with annoyance. "Miss Lyle" indeed! As if the girl were already family. The negroes had accepted her at once.

As a rule, Mrs. Parton trusted the negroes' instinct, but she rejected it now. What could they know of Lyle Venner or of the background that had produced her?

The girl sipped her coffee slowly, and before either she or Mrs. Parton broke their silence, Ridge, tall and burly in his worn hunting clothes, and with his gun under his arm, crossed the empty paddock and entered the dilapidated kennels. The shrill welcoming yelps of the dogs could be heard clearly. A minute later Blaine followed him—as always, a startling contrast to his cousin. He looked neat and smart even in field boots and hunting jacket.

Blaine had always spent much of his free time at Pindar. They had welcomed him—Ridge and his mother—for Blaine was good company, although Mrs. Parton always felt a sort of immaturity in him. Ridge, in the midst of his preoccupation with the plantation, had always taken time out to go fishing and hunting with him. He was genuinely fond of his cousin.

But these bonds of blood and old companionship were not strong enough to stand the strain being put upon them now.

Finally Lyle Venner lifted her head. Mrs. Parton watched the girl's left hand with a sort of fascination as it lay on the mahogany table top, with Ridge's big diamond glinting on its fourth finger. The girl's voice was controlled and cool as Mrs. Parton had always heard it.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go to-morrow, Mrs. Parton."

Mrs. Parton protested hospitably. "But, my dear child, you just came."

And even while she said it she told herself, "You old hypocrite. You want her to go. She's been here a week, and that's too long. You wish she'd never come, that Ridge had never met her. If you knew her a thousand years you'd never understand her or like her."

Her eyes wrenched themselves away from the hand and went to the girl's face.

It was handsome enough, and the girl's manner was utterly correct and almost painfully courteous; yet the older woman had a sense of a powerful and secret and strong-willed life going on behind and apart from the polite phrases.

What would this girl do and be, down here on the flatlands of the Delta, far from a town? She was urban, now and forever. Mrs. Par-

ton never looked at her, at her beautiful, well-bared-for body, her smart and ultra-sophisticated clothes, without thinking of theatres and cocktail parties and night-clubs.

Nor did Blaine.

"I've loved it," Lyle said. "But—" "But," Mrs. Parton finished idly, "you don't belong here and you never will, and you've found it out already. I'll give you credit for that. You're a clever girl. And having stirred up the hornets' nest, you're going to cut and run. With my blessing."

Aloud, Mrs. Parton said, "I'll surely be sorry to see you go, child."

Lyle Venner gave her a quick glance and smiled faintly, as if she gave the stock expression its true value. Mrs. Parton was uncomfortable, feeling as though she were made of glass and quite transparent. She got up and went to the window. Ridge and Blaine were coming out of the kennels together, with Gay-boy and Jims at heel.

The men and dogs stood out bright and sharp in the clearing by the paddock. Even from here she could see they were not speaking to each other.

The greyiness settled more heavily upon her. She wished, urgently, that these two were not going out together with guns in their hands. Their mood was dangerous.

Then her commonsense reassured itself. Blaine and Ridge were cousins; they had fished and hunted together all their lives, and this was not the first girl with whom both thought themselves in love. And Lyle Venner was leaving to-morrow.

THE girl drifted quietly out of the room. Mrs. Parton's stout, vigorous figure sagged a little. She felt, suddenly, old. Ridge was her son, and once she had been able to bend his will to hers. Now he had outgrown the need for her.

Mrs. Parton said to herself, suddenly: "I don't trust Blaine. He's tricky—yes, tricky."

She bestirred herself finally. Wishing did no good—wishing that Ridge had never met Lyle, had never fallen in love with her; wishing they had not become engaged and that he had not brought her to visit his mother; wishing that Blaine had not come to Pindar just when Ridge had his leave.

Getting her coat, she set off for the shed, where, this morning, they were packing cabbages.

Her mind should have been on the cabbages, for making the plantation support itself was becoming harder and harder.

When Ridge had got his commission, she had said bravely: "There's no reason why I can't run Pindar." But it wasn't the same without Ridge. She admitted, now, that she needed him here.

She turned and looked back at the house in the shadow of the huge oaks.

It looked gloomy to-day, not cool and pleasant as it did in the heat of summer. It must have been a deep disappointment to Lyle Venner. She would never understand how Ridge and his mother loved it.

Mrs. Parton took a kind of grim satisfaction in Lyle's lack of understanding. Oh, why couldn't Blaine have met the girl first? They were a pair—two of a kind. Lyle Venner represented everything Blaine had always longed for—smartness and smoothness and sophistication and the appearance, at least, of wealth. Although actually Lyle Venner had no wealth and no family behind her.



Horried, she saw him raise the gun, still unaware of her approach.

She was a model, posing for advertisements in the fashion magazines.

When she first came into the house, with Ridge in his uniform standing tall and proud behind her, Blaine's eyes had lighted like those of a man seeing the promised land at last. There was a greedy cast to them.

Yes, Lyle Venner and Blaine Parton were meant for each other. But Ridge stood between them, immovable.

Mrs. Parton pushed back the small whisper of doubt, as she remembered Lyle's first morning here.

The girl had been up before Blaine had even awakened, and had trudged over the plantation with Ridge, wearing a black slacksuit cut like a man's dinner clothes and as beautifully tailored. She had come back with a faint pink in her pale cheeks, listening, smiling, to Ridge's eager talk, but saying little.

"What do you think of our plantation?" Mrs. Parton had asked her. "You and Ridge are building something, aren't you? Building all over again. It's fascinating."

"It's more than that," Mrs. Parton said. "It's hard work, a hard living. Very different from wearing pretty clothes."

The girl looked at her coolly. "Do you think that's not hard work—hard, uncreative work—wearing pretty clothes for your living?" Then she had seemed to repent her coolness and said, "Let me help you, Mrs. Parton. Let me learn. I don't know anything, not anything. But I'm going to be Ridge's wife, and I intend to be a good one."

Mrs. Parton eyed her with unconcealed scepticism—the elegantly cut garments more suitable for lounging on a penthouse roof than for tramping the Carolina swamps.

She said, "You'd spoil your pretty clothes, honey. You don't want to do that, do you?"

Lyle Venner's eyes became blank. She said tonelessly, "I suppose not."

She and Ridge had gone off together.

Together, Mrs. Parton would not admit to jealousy, to a feeling of hurt at being an unneeded, an unwanted, third. She said to herself stubbornly: "She can't want to live here, buried, with Ridge off to the wars. She's bound to have Ridge and she means to win me over. But I won't be taken in."

That was before Blaine's infatuation had become clear. Now it was worse.

SUDDENLY, two shots sounded from behind the doors to her left. She paused, listening, the fear that was in her springing up to its full stature. Then she shook her head with impatience. Of course she would hear shots; they were hunting. She was becoming a scary old woman.

She reached the packing shed at the side of the road, and began to give orders with more than her usual force. The tempo of the work quickened, but her heart was not in it. She could not shake off the memory of the quick-growing ten-

sion between the two men, with Lyle Venner separating them.

Blaine had haunted her footsteps. Ridge, going out on to the plantation to help his mother, had never come back without finding the two together. Last night, when he had come in, his mother had been in the dining-room. She could see into the sitting-room—see the possessiveness with which Blaine leaned over the back of Lyle's chair. She could see Lyle's half-smile and the sidewise glance of her eyes as she spoke to him.

Ridge must have seen them through the window before he entered the house.

The smile had stiffened on Lyle's lips, and Mrs. Parton had held her breath as Ridge flung the door back. He stood there glowering.

Lyle had jumped to her feet. "Oh, hello, darling. Have a good afternoon?"

Ridge had ignored her. His scowl was fixed on Blaine. He said, "Leave her alone, Blaine. Hear me? I'm giving you warning."

Blaine had straightened and thrust his hands into the pockets of his slacks. Mrs. Parton saw the expression that flashed over his face and was gone instantly. It made her shiver, but then she thought perhaps she had imagined it, for at once he was smiling.

"Keep your shirt on, laddie, Lyle's a free agent—or isn't she?" He managed to make it insulting.

Please turn to page 23

Clinics throughout Australia approve of Bond's comfy vests for baby

Baby's vest and napkin are the two most important garments that baby wears. Both vest and napkin have got to get along comfortably with each other or they won't get along comfortably with baby.

The vest has to give an easy fit, but *not* a floppy fit. It has to be easy to slip on and off. Well, better than any promise we can make of comfort and fit is the fact that Bond's vests for infants and children are approved by clinics throughout Australia.

Great Coupon-Savers. Every Bond's Comfy Vest is made with extra length so that as baby quickly adds inches to height you don't have to keep buying new vests.

In silk-and-wool or cotton. Sleeveless or short sleeves. At all baby counters throughout Australia.

Mothers and Sisters approve of Bond's Vests, too

Movie star or matron — all you ask of a vest is that it be stream-lined and easy-fitting, without ripple or roll to "bulk" beneath your blouse, or sweater, or frock. Every lingerie counter throughout Australia will show you Bond's new stream-lined vests.

Obtainable in rayon or rayon-and-cotton, in pastels or plains.



Bond's Vests for Baby



*and Mother
and Auntie
and Sister too*

Manufactured by Bond's Industries Ltd., Camperdown, N.S.W.

OUT SWEEP

A beautiful girl stowaway, the young lieutenant found, was a far worse problem than any mine

It was a grim mission for H.M.S. Lady Christopher as she took her place in the line of mine-sweepers which slowly and cautiously ploughed its way through thick Channel fog.

Skipper Alexander Wales placed his glasses on the table on the bridge and pulled the hood of his sand-colored duffle-coat a little more tightly over his cap as protection against the stinging cold. He was a Grimsby man, bred with a love for the sea which led him to the trawlers twenty years ago. Now he was proud to be wearing the King's uniform, and of his ship which, to him, took on all the majesty of a battle-cruiser.

"Everything in order, Hall?" he asked, without lifting his eyes from the grey line ahead.

"Everything O.K., Sir. We should reach the rendezvous at 300 hours."

"Crew all content?"

"No complaints, Sir."

"Then call the Second Hand and get a bit of sleep. You'll have to be on your toes before dawn."

Lieutenant Peter Hall went below and knocked on Erickson's cabin. "There, Erickson. The Old Man would like to see you. A few hours of breathing nice fresh English air for you up there."

He waited for the muffled grunt that signified that Erickson understood, then, unbuttoning his tunic as he went, walked to his own cabin.

He threw open the door and flicked on the light. For a moment he stood transfixed, endeavoring to determine whether or not what he saw was real. There before him in the cabin of one of His Majesty's ships was a woman.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded sharply.

The girl looked up. "I think I have a right to be here." Her voice was calm as she casually seated herself on his bed.

"I'll have you arrested."

The girl retained her composure. "I shouldn't do that, Mr. Hall. Not yet, Sir."

Lieutenant Hall felt partly disarmed. Had he acted in accordance with duty, he would immediately have escorted her to the bridge, but there was obviously something which needed explanation.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

She rose without reply and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?"

She turned the key in the lock, then took possession of it.

"Give me that key," Hall commanded. "I'll have you put under arrest."

"Not without a struggle, Mr. Hall," the woman said quietly. "Anything like that would upset my plans. Won't you sit down. I have the key, you know. And it may not do you good if it's known that you have a woman acquaintance in your cabin."

"Acquaintance?" Hall pulled himself together and took stock of the position. She was a woman of about thirty, with long fair hair that hung smoothly to her neck. Her figure was neat and her well-fitting clothes smart. Acquaintance? She knew his name, but he could not remember having seen her before.

"The Old Man will be raving mad when he finds out," he said.

"I don't want him to find out," replied the girl. "Nor do I want anyone else to know I'm aboard. That's why I've come to you."

"There's too much mystery about all this and I'm not having any of it," Hall said sharply. "Please get that straight."

"Mr. Hall," the girl replied, "I'm on your ship and nothing you can do now can put me off. You are a young officer with a good future. My advice for your own good is to fall in with my plans and I can assure you that you will suffer nothing."

"What are your plans?"

"Merely to stay in this cabin. The sweep will only take two days, and when we reach port I'll get off as unobtrusively as I got on. If you behave, I'll be no trouble to you."

The position seemed final. Either the woman was mad or there was something which he could not fathom; but he felt more inclined to accept the position than investigate further.

"You'd better make yourself comfortable on that bed," he said coldly. "If you give me a blanket I'll doze in this two-by-two bathroom."

He took a blanket from the bed and entered the adjoining room. It was useless to think of sleep, but at least the blanket would keep him warm.

Before many hours he would have to take his place on the bridge and give the Skipper a turn.

He took stock of the ridiculous predicament in which he found himself. How on earth was the woman to be concealed for two days? But now that he had made himself a party to the escapade, he would have to do the best he could. In a few hours, Erickson would be coming to knock him up, and of all things he must be sure to be out of the cabin before Erickson came.

He heard the door unlock, the door, then retire to the bunk. She seemed to understand that he would have to leave in a few hours. His eyelids grew heavy, and in spite of all efforts to keep awake he dozed off.

He awoke with a start to hear the door opening, and before he could jump to his feet, Erickson stood in the doorway.

"Awake, Sir?"

Hall was on his feet. With cold terror he saw Erickson's puzzled look, first to him and then to the figure reclining fully clothed on the bed. It was too late to attempt concealment.

"Come in, Erickson," he said as calmly as he could. "Now that you've seen this business, I might as well explain it."

As the Second Hand entered, the girl awoke and sat up. "Hello, Carl," she said. "I didn't know you were on this ship. Peter didn't breathe a word."

Erickson looked embarrassed. "What in the name of Heaven are you doing here, Marie?"

"Just a sea trip at Lieutenant Hall's invitation. Not that it's going to be pleasant sitting in this cabin all day. But perhaps I may see something from this tiny porthole."

As Hall moved to the floor, he pushed the Second Hand before him. "You'd better come up and turn over."

Outside the door, the Second Hand waited for Hall to speak. "You know this lady, Erickson?" he asked.



"What are you doing here?" Peter Hall asked sharply.

"Fairly well, Sir. I've been out with her once or twice."

"Do you care for her?"

"Well, yes. Very much."

"Then I'll trust you to keep your mouth shut as to what you've seen. Good night, Mr. Erickson."

Hall climbed to the bridge in a daze. He cursed himself for having made the biggest blunder of his career in not taking the girl to the Skipper as soon as he had found her. Now Erickson knew about it.

He could not shut the thought of this fantastic, unexplainable happening out of his mind.

The whole thing was driving him mad, and he called for someone to take over for a moment. He would end the torture by going down to the girl, waking the skipper and taking her to him.

With a bold movement, he threw open the door of his cabin. He flicked on the light and looked

prompted him to continue. "Half a dozen ships drifting helplessly in a hornet's nest. Easy prey for a swarm of Messerschmitts, and a convoy delayed an hour. It's no idle game this, Erickson."

The skipper turned to go. "Where's the engineman?" he asked suddenly.

"Down below, sir."

"Then why isn't he here at the watch checking over?"

As the skipper strode to the bridge, he could see the units of the fleet taking position in echelon fashion, manoeuvred with immeasurable skill.

Reaching the bridge, he gave the order. "Hands to sweeping stations."

With a scurry each man rushed to his station; only the stokers remained below. It was no fashion parade. Dressed in blue jerseys, overalls, oilskins, and sea-boots, they handled the float and the otter or swung the davit, awaiting the skipper's next order.

"Out Sweep." In metallic tones came the order.

Hall watched from the bridge. He still had a sense of the unreal. It was a man's war. In the murky waters ahead were tons of stuff locked in sinister spheres which only required the merest touch to loose their pent-up explosive forces. And

into the lane of death ploughed the unprotected bows of a dozen small trawlers. It was difficult to believe that amid all this was a woman.

It came to Hall's scattered senses that the woman had not eaten. Somewhere behind his hostility was a sense of an obligation to protect her.

All the "knitting," as the sweeping gear is called, was out; and nothing further was required on deck than supervision. The hands were all at sweeping stations; even the galley was deserted. It would be a simple matter to take along a cup of tea.

She was sitting near the tiny porthole when he entered. She turned in surprise, and her face broke into a friendly smile.

"Thank you. It's more than I expected."

"You must eat," Hall said seriously.

She pointed to the bed. "Won't you sit down? It's your bed, you know."

Hall for a moment was conscious of her clear blue eyes and long lashes, and for a brief second held her gaze.

Please turn to page 23

Peggy Sage
Exclusive
Manicure

Your Dog
If your dog's coat is dull or loose—
if he is itchy or won't eat—give
him BARKO Condition Powder.
Scratching is often a sign
of Eczema. Give BARKO
Condition Powder and
apply BARKO Skin
Lotion to affected parts.

round. The bed was ruffled, but the girl was missing. On the rough, wooden chair was a small handbag and a lace handkerchief. She may, he thought, only have left the room for a few minutes; and the hot burst of his determination began to wane. He could not afford to be in his cabin when he should be on duty, and yet— He walked out and slammed the door.

In the darkness of the narrow passage he stopped. He was opposite Erickson's cabin, and beneath the wooden door glowed a narrow strip of light. There was the explanation of the girl's absence.

With deliberate steps he strode back on deck.

The Lady Christopher reached the rendezvous as the dawn was breaking, and already the ship was pulsating with life. In orderly fashion the other units of the fleet had heaved-to awaiting instructions.

Skipper Wales was again on deck. With practised eye he examined the multitudinous array of gear.

At his side walked Erickson, who was in charge of deck operations while the sweep was in progress.

"Everything appears O.K., Erickson," the skipper remarked with briskness.

"Should be, sir. It's all been checked."

"Wasn't everything checked last time? And didn't the winch jam and snap the wire? We wasted an hour's sweeping time over that, you know."

The skipper's mood was caustic and its edge was roughened by inadequate sleep. Erickson's silence

SOME SOUND ADVICE FROM HILDA HOUSEWIFE

"The Ideal Mate for your Gas Stove" is

THE MATCHLESS
'FIREFLY'
GAS LIGHTER



Each flick of the trigger gives a certain light and there are hundreds of flicks before a new flint is necessary. With a "Firefly" Gas Lighter you save labour ... expense ... and banish "dread" matches in the kitchen. Remember—the "Firefly" never fails.

GUARANTEED

POPE

PRODUCT FROM THE KITCHEN UTILITY DIVISION



Tomorrow
is a lovely day



DYNAMEL—There's a use for it in every room—brilliant gloss Dynamel—quick and hard drying—better than enamel.



DULSETTA—Low gloss washable wall enamel.



SOLPAH—the gloss color that wears like iron on every walked-on surface.



SILVAFROS—Heat-resistant and rust-proof on all metalwork.



TAUBMANS SUPER PAINT—The highest standard of prepared house paint.



ARE your fingers itching for your favourite "Colorful Home" paints? Longing for the thrill of seeing an old chair become gay and smart as your brush covers it with brilliant gloss Dynamel? Do you take a look at your bathroom floor and sigh for a tin of hard-wearing Solpah? And do you remember the fun of looking at Anne Stewart's "before and after" pictures of rooms in "The Colorful Home"—and putting those ideas to work? What a thrill it was to do over a whole room—floors, furniture, walls and all!

As the war releases essential materials for Taubmans Paints that thrill comes closer. Perhaps closer than any of us think. Taubmans Dynamel, Solpah, Dulsetta, Silvafras, Super Paint and Enamelised Butex are on their way back to you—and worth waiting for!

But there are items about your home that must be painted now. For these essential jobs Taubmans provide the best that wartime restrictions permit—they are on your storekeeper's shelf for you to buy today.

**TAUBMANS
— PAINTS —**

Some wartime ways are good enough for peace



CROWDED TRAINS, with people crammed into every inch of space. We look forward to comfortable travel.



SHOPPING was a trial to mothers, who will welcome the return of delivery of foodstuffs.



CENSORSHIP was a necessary evil. Already it has been lifted, one of the first signs of peacetime life.



RESTRICTIONS on manufacture are being lifted. Here is a small girl's dream of joys to come.



WAITING—for priorities, special coupons, rail tickets, shopping. We wasted hours like this.

Shortages and restrictions were difficult and irksome, but we learned a lot from them

● All through the war we've planned the things we wanted to do and have when peace came. Some of them were big and important, some small and trivial, so that we felt selfish and frivolous for even thinking about them.

● But wartime living taught us a lot, and when we look back we realise some of the things that were part of it are worth keeping. None of us in Australia knew serious food or clothing shortage, though now we can let our heads go and look forward — some time — to a tin of sardines or a pair of nylon stockings.

● On this page we've listed some of the things that civilians will be glad to see the end of, some of those that are worth keeping. Everybody's list would have a different order, of course, but here they are:

Good riddance to — Worth keeping —

BLACK MARKETS. We don't feel a bit sorry to think it will be harder to earn a dishonest living. Soon the ordinary citizen will be able to buy his small luxuries instead of knowing they are reserved for the man who has the money and the lack of conscience to pay skyrocket prices for liquor and cigarettes.

TRAVEL DISCOMFORT. We look forward to sitting instead of standing, climbing on a bus or tram without commandeering tactics, having a sleeper on overnight journeys, and a meal on the train or in comfort at a refreshment room. We'll be glad, too, to exchange the notice that says, "Avoid Unnecessary Travel," for the old "Use the railways, you own them"; to go by sea or air if we wish.

WAITING ROUND. Wherever we've been—shopping, banking, travelling—we've had long waits, because of manpower shortage. We've had to wait months for dentists and other professional appointments, stand round for hours in shops and offices.

SECURITY SECRECY. There's no enemy to listen any more. If we want to say the Mauretania's in port, or shout from the rooftops that it's sailing today, we can. Though we realised the censor kept only an impersonal eye on mail, it will be good to write once more to friends overseas without being inhibited by the thought of another reader.

RUDENESS. This isn't peculiarly a wartime characteristic, but shorter tempers have meant sharper answers. The customer will be glad to be able to ask for elastic, cigarettes, or bacon in clear, ringing tones, and the salesgirl will be pleased that customers don't blame her for shortages.

FOOD SHORTAGES. We know we weren't badly off, but everyone will be pleased to see, in due course, the end of coupon headaches; to buy salmon and sardines and cream, and not feel guilty at slapping a good deal of butter on our toast. In the meantime, though, while the rest of the world is hungry, we're glad to make some sacrifices to help feed those not so fortunate.

CLOTHES RATIONING. That has to stay for a while, too, but there's no harm in imagining the day we'll buy something because we like it without wondering if the coupons should be saved for something more practical.

UNCOMFORTABLE HOLIDAYS. Only an incurable optimism made most of us go away for holidays at all during the war. Pleasant to anticipate comfortable accommodation, and a choice of destination, even if it is limited by the pocket. And girls will find holidays more exciting when there are plenty of young men there, too!

LUGGING PARCELS. Housewives look forward to deliveries again, no more trudging with overweighted string-bags and suitcases. It will take time, of course, but it is on the way, that day when you'll be asked, "Would you like it sent?"

CROWDED CAFES. What a pleasure it will be to sit in a cafe without a queue at the door, to be served in comfort because the waitress has time for a smile instead of being run off her aching feet.

HOUSING SHORTAGE. Imagine when we can build or rent a house again; be greeted by an agent with a list of suggestions. (Maybe he'll run you round in a car to look at the places. . . . No, you don't like the aspect of this one. . . . Oh, well, call again next week.)

ALL SORTS OF SHORTAGES. Furniture, brass screws, or typewriters. The shortage you are thinking about is something you particularly want. The list is endless. It might be a lipstick or it might be a motor-car. Soon they'll be on their way. Petrol and tyres in due course, too—picnics and Sunday drives.

FEAR. We hope it's not too much to wish that no one here or anywhere else will ever wait for the news with the apprehension we felt in some stages of the war; to wish that all men and women may sleep safe in their beds without thinking that death lurks in the skies; and that women may never again see their men go off to war.

PATIENCE. We have learned to bear loneliness and separations. We want to see the end of those, but the spirit that made us write cheerful letters instead of grumbling is worth keeping. And talking of patience reminds us of queues, which have their good as well as bad points. Better a queue than a scramble, if that's the only choice. Let us keep the peak-hour bus queues as long as there is need for them. And what a boon those orderly meat queues in some city shops have been to unaggressive people.

TOLERANCE. An abstract word, but it covers a lot of concrete things. Women of all classes have worked together in factories and in voluntary effort. Women who have had to do their own work for the first time know now that the charlady's isn't an easy job. We've met people of other nations. Many girls have married men from other countries. It all helps to rid us of isolationism, domestic and national. Well worth keeping.

LETTER-WRITING. The war made many bad correspondents into good ones. After the war there'll still be lonely people, even though they aren't soldiers. Now we've got the habit of writing often, we ought to retain it.

SENSIBLE BUYING. Clothes rationing curbed extravagance, gave us a better dress sense. We weren't fooled by eye-catching trimmings, because the coupons made us insist on durability. It taught us it was possible to look smart without having a great many clothes.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN. Women did jobs they had never done before. They proved they could keep secrets in Service jobs, were conscientious, skilled industrial workers. Many went into the world and acquired a wider knowledge of things outside the home. Even those who return to the home should try to retain the interest in outside events. It will make them better wives, more interesting people.

VOLUNTARY SERVICE. The spirit that caused thousands of women to give their leisure time to war work is one that could be a great force for good if turned to peacetime channels.

INGENUITY. Many of us have learned to make hats, gloves, toys—all sorts of things we didn't know we could. We've mended garments that before we'd have thrown away, cooked dishes with substitute ingredients, learned to make do in a hundred ways. They're skills that may stand us in good stead.

FOOD KNOWLEDGE. Because of shortages, women learned more about diet, calory, and vitamin values. When they couldn't get oranges they learned how to find other sources of the same vitamins. Because of meat rationing, some of us learned more about cooking than in the rest of our lives. When we couldn't buy fillet steak or roast beef for visitors, we found tasty ways to cook a rabbit.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT. Of necessity, Australia had to develop industries from food processing to building aeroplanes. Our scientists had to find substitutes from our own resources for many imports which war cut off. That meant more encouragement to the inventive and resourceful man, more appreciation of the part that research workers play in our daily lives.

FACTORY CANTEENS. These were extended during the war. They proved a boon to workers both financially and from a health point of view. Good health means more efficiency, and less hospital expense to the community.

INTEREST IN WORLD AFFAIRS. During the war we've learned more politics and geography than most of us learned in a lifetime. We've listened to the news and read newspapers because what happened in a foreign country might mean life or death to us. Let's continue to keep that interest. We'll never have a better world if the ordinary man and woman doesn't think about it.



WORKING TOGETHER, we learned a wider outlook and a great deal about the other fellow's viewpoint.



OPPORTUNITIES opened up for women. This is an American girl instructor at an aircraft school.



PATIENCE. Queues were tiresome, but they taught us to wait our turn, not to push and scramble.



CANTEENS for workers mean better health and more efficiency. They are a development worth extending.



WRITING LETTERS — a habit worth keeping. Many people learned to express themselves in letters.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

FROM WAR TO PEACE

WITH the crumbling of the Japanese Empire, the world faces a future devoted to rebuilding and rehabilitation.

The peace will not be a matter of wildly celebrating, then sinking happily into the routine of a new and better world.

It bristles with problems.

The main consideration is that hundreds of thousands of servicemen and service-women must be transferred into civilian employment, or placed once more in their homes.

Industry has not yet been geared for the change.

Housing, for example, already lags far, far behind the demand.

Japan has weakened more suddenly than anyone expected, and caught the social planners not fully prepared.

But just as urgent as the more practical side of planning is the necessity for personal readjustment.

On this level each individual must work out his or her own problems.

The war has brought forth in everyday people—people who in many cases were leading shallow and selfish peace-time lives—a tremendous urge for service.

Men and women have ardently sacrificed their comfort, their time, their health, their lives, in the cause of victory.

If peace is to be more than a hollow pretence, something of that spirit of devotion must be carried on into the future.

Only through the kindness, the sympathy, the understanding of individuals can the great change-over from war to peace take place with smoothness.



BIG BEN and the Houses of Parliament seen across the Thames from the terrace of St. Thomas' Hospital, London. St. Thomas' recently returned to normal activity. During the war many of its departments were evacuated, and it was bombed during the blitz.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

Rationing End of war doesn't mean end of rationing yet. Until Australia knows how much food will be needed for other countries and armies of occupation, food ration will remain the same. Gradual amendments are being made in clothing rates, but world shortage of cotton will make clothes rationing necessary for some time. In England clothes ration has recently been cut.

Dress materials Those who are buying spring frocks to celebrate peace have a wider choice of material than for the last five years. Fairly large quantities of British and American materials, including many silk rayons, are on show.

Want light books More English and American books, including Penguins, are being imported now. Booksellers say the public is demanding novels and light fiction now rather than war and political books.

Fights mildew Shoes, canvas, and woollen articles are kept free from mildew when sprayed with a new chemical being sold in America. This fungicide is sprayed on articles after they are wiped dry, protects them for several months.

Historic buildings Port Arthur, historic penal settlement on Tasman Peninsula, which drew many prewar tourists, is to be restored as nearly as possible to its original appearance.

Moths at bay Naphthalene is back in the shops now in small quantities. During the war most available supplies were used for military stores.

Artists' supplies Australian artists hope that supplies of canvas will soon be here. During war they improvised with prepared hessian; white duck treated with a glue size and stretched; or three-ply covered with flat white paint. More paints and brushes will now be imported. Wartime brushes were made of a substitute hair, inferior to those of sable hair.

Useful memorials War memorials which will be useful to citizens are being encouraged by the Tasmanian Government. Local authorities are being offered subsidies for approved memorials such as community halls. The Government favors a number in each municipality.

Imported wallpaper Wallpaper from Canada will soon be available in limited quantities. This is a prewar order. Designs include small and large floral patterns. Because of heavy wartime demands on English paper, England will not go into wallpaper production until next month, but shipments are expected early in the new year.

Potatoes Potato acreage will gradually be reduced now. It reached peak in 1943-44 at 278,000, and currently (1945-46 period) is 245,000. Prewar target throughout Australia ranged between 100,000 and 130,000 acres. Canned and dehydrated potatoes will be needed for export for a time.

Substitute slates Compressed hardwood slates for school and kitchen use are on sale in some stores. They have smooth writing surface, look like genuine slate, but are very light and will not break if trodden on or dropped.

Australian ginger Ginger, grown during war at Buderim, Qld., and Wardell, N.S.W., has gone mostly to Services. Experts say local product excellent, but doubt growers can compete with prices of China import in peacetime. Before war we imported 3,000,000lb. annually.

Discovery Science has discovered a method of keeping cream fresh for a year at ordinary room temperature. It is "flash sterilised" for four minutes, bottled, and hermetically sealed. A small amount of vegetable "stabiliser" is added.

Screws scarce Supplies of brass are more plentiful, but manpower still limits screw manufacture. Small ones, particularly those under one inch, are still fairly scarce, mostly sold with brass fittings when available.

Interesting People

A. P. HERBERT

humorist's knighthood

WORLD-FAMOUS as "A.P.H." of "Punch," A. P. Herbert will now become Sir Alan Patrick Herbert. Receives knighthood in honors just conferred to mark Mr. Churchill's term as Prime Minister. Author, humorist, and M.P., he has had great influence on English life. Notable Parliamentary triumph was passing in 1938 of his marriage bill to reform British divorce system. Has been Independent M.P. for Oxford University for past ten years. During war was petty-officer in Thames Patrol Service. Lived aboard his yacht, Water Gipsy, moored to Westminster pier, handy to Parliament. Visited Australia for Imperial Press Conference in 1925.



SGT. BEATRICE BARNES

correcting visual defects

RECENTLY awarded Diploma of Orthoptics by Orthoptical Board. Sergeant Beatrice Barnes, W.A.A.F., of Melbourne, is first servicewoman in Australia to obtain the diploma. Work of an orthoptist includes correction of defects in vision caused by faulty use of ocular muscles, by means of various eye exercises. Also re-education to restore normal use of eye muscles after surgical operations or operational flying. Is of special value to pilots and aircrews whose vision needs to be particularly acute, and whose eyes must be expertly tested. Sergeant Barnes is attached to R.A.A.F. Central Medical Board. Received initial training in orthoptics at R.A.A.F. training school. Joined W.A.A.A.F. in 1942. Hopes to continue orthoptic work after war. Formerly worked in Melbourne pharmacy.



REV. ALAN TORY

American tour

AMERICAN tour for Sydney clergyman, Rev. Alan P. Tory, minister of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Sydney. Has been invited by the Earl Foundation, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, to lecture at forthcoming session of the school. Later he will make lecture tour of the Eastern States under aegis of Presbyterian Church in U.S.A. Will also give talks on Australia in co-operation with Commonwealth Department of Information. Well-known writer and broadcaster. Mr. Tory has written two books, the latest, "Nod to Strangers," recently published by Cassells, being stories and sketches on England and Australia.



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YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 5 to 10 and 15 to 25 will expire on Sept. 23.
SUGAR: 1 to 5 (good till Oct. 21).
BUTTER: 10 to 15 (all Sept. 23).
MEAT: Black, 25 to 35, good till Sept. 23. On Sept. 16, 26 to 28 also become available. Red and green, 25 and 27.
CLOTHES: B57-112, Y1-34.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



STARS. Ann Lincoln (left), Gladys Griswold, Everett Ball have afternoon tea at Australia with Dorothy Stewart when they arrive from America en route to Melbourne to play in "The Voice of the Turtle."



GAY PARTY. Farewell party given to members of the British Merchant Navy by the Victoria League Young Contingent at their clubrooms. Mrs. J. French helps Dr. T. J. Malherbe to a savory, while Thelma Frost (centre), Catherine Connor, and Second-Mate Charles Boam look on.



PEACE WEDDING. Sub-Lieut. (A) Rod Thompson, R.N.Z.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Betty Coulson, who were married at St. James' Church, King Street, two hours after peace was declared.

On and Off DUTY.

PEACE and springlike weather combined has made everybody rush the shops this week with the gay feeling, "I must buy something." City stores have co-operated with this urge, and lots of "luxuries" have been brought forth.

I've met numerous young housewives—married during war years—murmuring ecstatically over some rather mundane household purchase which has been unobtainable since they set up housekeeping.

Can't help wondering, too, whether we're due for some rather startling sights when our young sub-debs, who have rushed the eye make-up counters, experiment with these exciting cosmetics for the first time.

Peace was brought home forcibly to me, too, this week when I attended yet another celebration party and the charming hostess dusted the cobwebs from a bottle of olives and served them to her guests—an eighteen-year old Air Force lad inquired, "What on earth are those things?"

TELEPHONE call from Mrs. Mary Matheson, of the Children's Library Movement, tells me of movement's art and craft exhibition at Phillip Park Centre, opening on September 1. Interested to hear, too, that Mrs. Marianne Seemann is giving a series of lessons to adults in the teaching of Art to children.

DATE for your diary: Second annual ball of the North Sydney High School Old Girls' and Old Boys' Unions, to be held at Anzac Memorial Hall, Cammeray, September 7. Proceeds in aid of School Bursary Funds and Crown Street Hospital.

HIGHLIGHT at Kathleen Robinson's party at Prince's after Minerva show, "Love in Idleness," was presentation to her by Don McNiven, of 1928 bottle of Moët champagne. Bottle was cracked on the spot, and yet again peace was celebrated along with "good luck" for new show.

INTERESTING letters arriving from overseas tell Mrs. A. A. Gibson, of Wollongong, news of wedding of her daughter, formerly Captain Margaret Gibson, A.A.N.S., who was married recently in Cornwall to Captain Ronald Lister Wood, R.A.S.C. Ronald was attached to Field-Marshal Montgomery's Army in North Africa, and at time of writing was with 21st Army Group, Margaret, who was attached to 2/6th A.G.H., was in Middle East for more than two years—announcing her engagement while stationed at Gaza. She now has interesting job attached to Australian Red Cross Society at Gowrie House, Eastbourne. Here she has joy of meeting and caring for repatriated P.O.s—many of whom she saw last in Greece in 1941.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Vivienne Reynolds, of Burrawong, Cumnock (left), and Pam Suttor, of Bathurst, who will be bridesmaid when Vivienne marries Bombarrier Beverley Everingham, A.I.F., at Orange, early in September. Beverley is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Garnsey Everingham of Strathfield.



INTERESTING GROUP. Mrs. Chisley (left), wife of the Prime Minister, attends luncheon given by New Zealand Association (N.S.W.) at clubrooms, 13 Bridge Street. Mr. H. C. Jones, president of branch, Mrs. H. V. Evans, Mr. J. G. Barclay, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Mrs. Jones are included in group.



QUEENSLAND VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Joyce (left), of Queensland, dine at Prince's with Wing-Commander and Mrs. Harry Dangar after cocktail party at home of Mrs. Joyce's aunt, Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, with whom couple are staying. Mrs. Joyce was formerly Joan Willoughby Dowling, of Bringelly, Camden.

GREAT preparations in progress by members of the 2/30th Battalion's Comforts Fund for their fete to be held at Legacy Club this Saturday. All members in high state of excitement, as they expect their boys back from P.O.W. camps in Japan shortly, and fete will raise funds for welfare of returning men. President, Mrs. M. Jenkins, tells me Mrs. F. D. Galleghan, wife of colonel of battalion, will open fete, which will have week-end produce and coupon-free goods as highlights among its goods for sale.

GLIMPSE Mrs. Arthur Chartres and her sister, Mrs. Mewton-Wood, luncheon together at the Piekwick Club, looking a symphony in grey costumes. . . Mrs. Chartres tells me news about the Sydney Day Nursery Fete, which will be held in Hyde Park on October 19. "I'm telling everyone to keep the 19th lunch-hour free," says Mrs. Chartres. "We've three mobile canteens, from which we propose to serve lunches to be eaten in the park."

HISTORIC St. Matthew's Church of England, Windsor, was in the news recently when the Rev. C. L. Williams christened twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Landers, of "Boondilla," Darlington Point.

Twins who were named Marion Ianthe and Diana Lempriere are direct descendants of Captain Neil McKellar, who was in command of troops stationed at Windsor in 1793, and who later became A.D.C. to Governor Gidley King.

LUCKY fluke when Mrs. T. A. Field's peace party at Mohratta, Walroonga, which was planned few days before announcement, actually fell on peace night. All members of the family present with exception of Ross, who was winging his way to Bourke en route to one of the family's stations in Queensland.



AIR FORCE WEDDING. Squadron-Leader Bob Whittle, D.F.M., R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly ex-WAAF "Frankie" King, leave St. James' Church, Burwood, after their marriage.

INTERSTATE interest when Muriel Lynch, of Bardwell Park, announces engagement to Sergeant Albert Walmesley, A.I.F. of Adelaide. Muriel is youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Lynch, of Mosman. Albert is third son of late Mr. W. Walmesley and of Mrs. A. M. Walmesley, of Victoria Park.

VICTORY highlights cabled from our Hollywood correspondent Viola MacDonald tell me startling news in the fashion world. At Victory fashion show in Hollywood, presented by famous millinery designer, John Frederick, are Mexican style sombreros in felt with pastel veils dotted with sequins falling from a circular open crown to the waist. Well girls, imagine crowding on to our trains in that garb!

joyce

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FOR sound, refreshing sleep, sip a cupful of nerve-soothing stamina-building MILO just before you turn out the light. This delicious chocolate-flavoured blend of pure country milk and malted cereals, with its added energising vitamins, will aid that complete relaxation which is the prelude to a perfect night's rest. MILO is the perfect "nightcap", soothing, restoring, delicious and easily digested. Whilst you sleep, MILO will help to build up your system, restore expended energy, enable you to greet your alarm clock with the good cheer which comes from renewed vitality.



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TIMETABLE"
FOR ALL
THE
FAMILY



11 a.m. at home. MILO helps to prevent the mid-morning "sag". Gives a feeling of new energy for completing the day's work.



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4 p.m. — home from school. Children derive wonderful benefit from the stamina-building qualities of MILO.

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INVALUABLE FOR CONVALESCENTS AND NURSING MOTHERS

THE re-energising qualities of this tempting, easily-assimilated tonic food make it especially beneficial to those recovering from illness. It is often recommended by doctors in such cases. MILO contains calcium, phosphates and essential mineral salts and nursing mothers will find that MILO not only helps to promote new vitality, but assists natural feeding.

MILO is sold in handy half-pound tins by all chemists and stores. In metropolitan areas, the tins cost only 2/3d. MILO takes only a few seconds to prepare and serve.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE planets work fortunately this week for Taurians, Capricornians, and Virgoans. Cancerians and Scorpions benefit, too; but Geminians and Sagittarians should avoid difficult situations. Pisceans may suffer losses.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Consolidate recent gains. Avoid overconfidence. Sept. 1 to 3 poor, Sept. 4 and 5 very helpful.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 to May 22): Seek desired changes, gains, advancement. Aug. 28 (except near dusk) excellent. Aug. 29 (until noon and after 3 p.m.) good. Sept. 1 (late) fair. Sept. 3 (sunset) fair, (later) poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Worries abound. Be guarded, especially on Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Aug. 28 (except at dusk) very fair. Aug. 29 (before noon) fair. Sept. 1 (late) and Sept. 3 (near sunset) fair.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Aug. 28 and 29 be cautious. Aug. 30 (early and late), Sept. 3 (near sunset), Sept. 4 (evening) and Sept. 5 (morning and near dusk) very good.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Seek gains. Speed up important matters. Aug. 28 (except near dusk) good. Aug. 29 (morning) good, (after 3 p.m.) fair. Sept. 3 (near sunset and late) and Sept. 4 useful.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Don't be too confident. Aug. 30 (morning and evening), Sept. 3 (late), and Sept. 4 (morning and evening) all helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Slight improvement. Aug. 28, 29 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2 poor. Sept. 3 and 4 obstructive. Keep to routine work.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Beware discord, especially on Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2. Keep to routine.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Seek gains, promotions, desired changes. Aug. 28 (except near dusk) and 29 (except noon to 3 p.m.) can be excellent. Aug. 30 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), Sept. 1 (late), and Sept. 4 (late) all good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Aug. 28 and 29, and Sept. 3 (evening) and 4, be cautious. Rest of week may be upsetting, too.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Be on guard. Unwanted changes may eventuate. Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2 all need care.

The Australian Women's Weekly prints this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. —Editor, A.W.W.



"And now, Form Question 54. Do you regularly test airplanes, engage in deep-sea diving, or experiment with high explosives?"



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, Isle of walking dead (Kordies), by **BARON KORD:** Whom Narda agreed to wed if he freed Mandrake. **TRINA:** Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Planning escape, Mandrake and Lothar pretend to be Kordies. They substitute salt for the powder which Kord uses in drizzling water to keep his victims in a state of "living death." In the corral the Kordies begin to revive. Meanwhile Kord, unaware, plans his wedding. **NOW READ ON:**



I WANTED YOU TO SEE WHERE I MIX THE POWDER THAT CREATES KORDIES. SOMEDAY — YOU WILL BE EMPRESS OF A KORDIE WORLD!



BY TOMORROW NIGHT, NARDA, YOU WILL BE BARONESS OF KORD KEY.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, IF YOUR FORMULA FAILED TO WORK, BARON KORD?



WHAT IF YOUR KORDIES CAME TO LIFE?

HaHa -- IMPOSSIBLE. BUT JUST SUPPOSING -- MY GUARDS ARE ALL KILLERS. THEY WOULD SLAUGHTER THE KORDIES TO THE LAST STUPID ONE.



IN A SHED IN THE CORRAL, MANDRAKE 'SOFTLY' ADDRESSES THE FORMER KORDIES...



SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN HERE MONTHS -- AND YEARS. YOU HAVE BEEN KORDIES. YOU ALL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS! TONIGHT -- YOU HAVE ALL "COME BACK" TO LIFE!



THERE ARE SCORES OF GUARDS ON THIS ISLAND -- ALL ARMED -- ALL KILLERS. WE ARE UNARMED. THEY WOULD MASSACRE US, IF THEY KNEW WHAT HAS HAPPENED TONIGHT --



THAT IS -- UNLESS YOU AGREED TO BECOME KORDIES AGAIN -- WHICH I KNOW NONE OF YOU WILL DO! SO WE MUST ALL PRETEND FOR A LITTLE WHILE! HERE IS THE PLAN --



IN THE COLD, GRAY DAWN, THE GUARDS ARE SUMMONED TO LEAD THE KORDIES TO WORK -- AS USUAL --



THE KORDIES FILE OUT, AS USUAL --



THEY'RE ALL OUT, EXCEPT THAT BIG ONE. I'LL GO IN AND GET HIM.



IN THE KORDIE CORRAL, LOTHAR NABS ONE OF KORD'S TOUGH GUARDS --



HERE KEY. GOOD! THAT'S THE KEY TO THE GUARDS' BARRACKS. WE'LL GO THERE AT ONCE.



I SAVED ONE SACK OF KORD'S FORMULA.

WHAT GOING DO WITH?

TO BE CONTINUED

Natives organised guerrilla warfare

Spears and knives only weapons, but they carried on undaunted

Equipped only with knives and spears, natives in one part of the Pacific area carried on organised guerrilla warfare against the Japanese for four years.

At night they located mines, dived and released them and towed them ashore.

A/B. I. L. Kay, H.M.A.S. Barcoo, which was in the Tarakan and Brunei Bay landings, tells of these daring exploits in a letter to his father, Mr. F. Kay, 102 Rutland Road, Box Hill, Vic.:

"WE had a great natter to two of the natives, the boss of all the local school-teachers, and one of his students.

"For four and a half years, unaided and equipped only with knives and spears, they fought an incessant guerrilla warfare against the Japanese.

"They hid out in the hills and raided at night, bumping off Jap patrols.

"From their positions high in the hills they used to spy on the Japanese as they laid their mines round the coast and report the positions of the mines to headquarters, which could radio through to American forces on nearby islands.

"They would sally forth at night in their canoes and dive down to loosen the mines so that they would surface. Then they would make them safe and tow them ashore.

"To my way of thinking, this would take intelligence, wonderful wind, as they dived about 20 feet to get to the mines, and a hell of a lot of guts.

"When you realise they kept up this sort of struggle, not knowing how the Allies were going against the Japs, then you really appreciate their efforts.

"It would have been far easier for them to co-operate with the Japs, or at least to cease resisting.

"From a concentration camp not far away on another island they used to rescue prisoners of war.

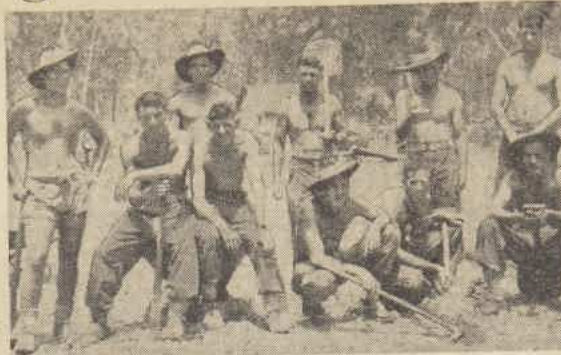
"I would like to meet some of those prisoners after the war to hear what they think of the natives, and whether or not they are fit to take a place in the world alongside white men.

"The teacher specially aroused my interest by saying that organised guerrilla movements had been amongst those people who had tasted democracy in its true form, those who had equal education rights with white men.

"He said that where the natives were just used as a source of crude labor there was no organised resistance, only a few isolated cases of revenge against the Japs for crimes committed against native families.

"I think that is a great compliment to the colonising of certain democracies and a direct challenge to others.

"If a democracy is to hold its colonies it must show the people that democracy has something to offer, and does not mean that freedom of education and the rights of citizenship of the mother country apply only to white men and not to the 'ignorant' native."



IN BORNEO. Members of an infantry battalion who are now in Borneo. Back row, l. to r.: Ptes. John Young, Canberra; Stan Tanner, Katsanting, W.A.; Sgt. Jack Sout, Fremantle, W.A.; Ptes. Nick Olenick, Brisbane; Vince McDonald, Wagga, N.S.W. Front row, l. to r., Ptes. Mark Young, Canberra; Ron Timbrell, Cairns, Q.; Bob Woods, Fremantle, W.A.; L/Cpl. Wally Johnstone, Leonora, W.A.; and Pte. Pat Tierney, Landsborough, Q. Sent by Mr. C. L. Young, 14 Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra.

Pte. A. R. Moore, Wewak, to his sister, Mrs. C. Lang, Stuart Town, N.S.W.:

"WE are camped in a big native garden, full of sweet potatoes, pumpkins, marrows, and plenty of papaws.

"We eat out of one end, the Nips the other.

"This morning some of the boys went out at daylight to give them a reception party. Six Nips turned up, three stayed permanently."

Chaplain R. R. Harley, A.I.F., to Mrs. W. Russell, 45 James St., Punchbowl, N.S.W., whose husband was on the dangerously ill list at a field ambulance station, after being in the front line in New Guinea:

"THE medical staff spared no pains and worked on your husband unceasingly, so that now he is on the way to recovery.

"In a day or two now he should begin to feel fit.

"He was very weary yesterday and not feeling equal to reading his wad of mail. The boys told me he would take it from under his pillow, look at it, and place it away again.

"He was glad to have your letters read to him, and such lovely letters must have done him much good, though he made little comment.

"He is in good hands and lads from our unit who are in adjacent beds look after him with a gentleness and sympathy that is wonderful to see.

"Do not worry too much about him. He has cleared the hurdle and now only has the task of getting back to good health."

Pte. R. L. Davies, Balikpapan, to his mother, Mrs. C. L. Davies, 34 Maysia St., Canterbury, Vic.:

"TWO of our chaps picked a spot for their tent, and cleared it, when they suddenly came upon a round iron object, its top just sticking out of the earth.

"There was great excitement and it was carefully marked, and bomb disposal fetched.

"The mine expert came up in his jeep, took a look and then started very carefully to clear the earth away, remarking the while that it was definitely a new one on him.

"He scraped the earth carefully until he had it uncovered, then he picked it up and showed it to us, collected at a safe distance.

"It was an ordinary domestic utensil.

"There was a bit of excitement down at the ammo. dump to-day. The Pioneers down there had been having their water pinched and water is most precious in Borneo, every drop having to be carefully chlorinated.

"This morning one of them found a stray Jap hiding in a pill-box. He had been the culprit. We chased him out, and the Nip raced through the dump into another pill-box. He was armed with grenades, which luckily he did not use, or he would have blown us all sky-high. However, they surrounded the pillbox and threw in some smoke grenades, which forced the Jap to come out or be suffocated. As he came out a hefty pioneer standing by the mouth of the pill-box clouted him over the scene with a spade and very effectively laid him out."

My Bushland

I HAVE not seen my bushland for so long
That hatred in my heart has found a place
For these bleak, barren wastes where soldiers throng.
And all is set to rhythmic marching pace,
Brass band and beat of drums the only song,
And bayonet forests fill the tall gums' place.

Oh! when shall I again see
statue trees,
Or bracken fern beside a rippling stream,
And tread moist leafmould,
halting where I please.
Of places such as these how oft I dream
And hear the rippling waters,
murmuring leaves.
How real and near to me again they seem.

—CPL. A. A. OSMOND.

Pte. K. B. Noble in the Islands to Miss P. M. Warnock, 88 Boundary St., South Brisbane:

"I GAVE up souvenir hunting as a bad job. Grabbing a death adder in mistake for the handle of a sword was bad enough, but since then I have had a better warning to give it away.

"I saw a heap of boxes in the scrub and in the rush to beat a few others to them did not notice a few things I should have, until it was too late.

"In an unconcerned voice I informed my mate that he was standing beside a booby-trap trip wire. He started to come out backwards and I did too, only I had a trip wire hooked round my foot.

"A tin rattled beside me, a couple more in front and a grenade popped out in front of my feet.

"Things happened fast and fuses burn fast, too, but not as fast as we moved. I kicked the bomb as far as I could down the hill.

"I had a good posse under a log when the others caught me and we waited for the big bang. All this happened in about four seconds. After waiting a minute we decided that there wasn't going to be a bang after all and went back to clean the place.

"The traps were so old and rusty that they hadn't sprung like they were meant to. We demolished them just the same and made a bee-line for home."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.
For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For heliofax extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Remember...

REMEMBER, 'twas for you they sailed away,
From youth's bright threshold and the life of spring,
Out through the Heads where seas roll high and grey
They sought their destiny for kin and King.

They spoke but little of the things they left,
The sudden churning woke and sealed their lips.
The sirens woke to life like souls bereft,
They shrieked farewell to all those mighty ships.

Proud in their khaki, young and strong and brave;
They gave you cheer for cheer from towering height
Of their tall ships and tried hard to enslave
One last smile from your faces, tense and white.

They thanked the tall ships that you need not know,
The quivering lip, the eye unnatural bright,
Avoiding every glance but those below,
Pent up their anguish till the friendly night.

Each one was loved, each one loved some of you,
Held to the last the ties that war must sever
"For the duration"—that, at least, they knew
Deep down within their hearts—perhaps forever.

Quickened the heartbeats of those mighty ships,
Louder and frantic rose your last good-byes,
Strange incoherent words passed from your lips,
Tears dropped unknown, unheeded from your eyes.

And they were gone. Small escort boats came back,
The Harbor sank again to restless sleep.
Faintly the creaming wake still showed the track
Of that great convoy stealing o'er the deep.

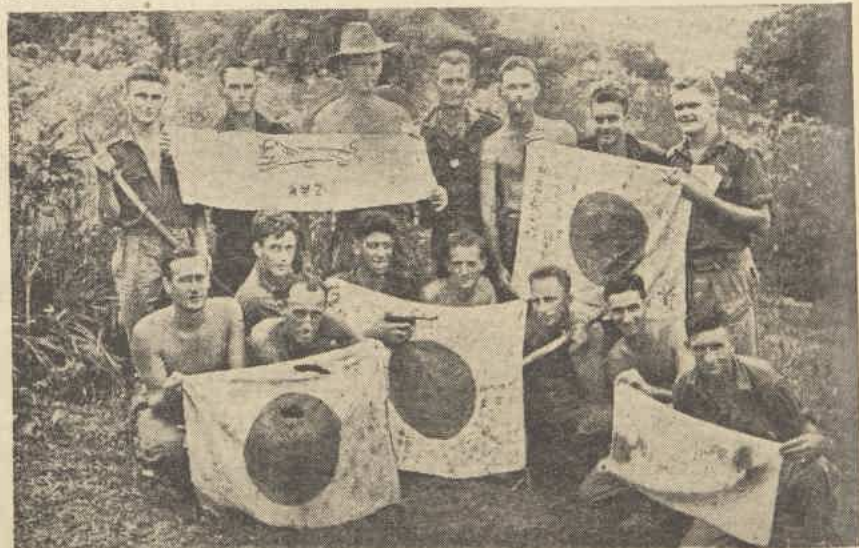
And so they left—with glory's dawning light
In their young eyes, to tread the path to fame
Through blood-shocked hours, when death and light
and night

Were one, mid smoke, and reek and searing flame.
Some will return—not all—and when they come,
Be it in vain June or warm November,
'Tis then, for them, and those who come not home
You'll know the meaning of that word: Remember.

Still as of old the red, red poppies wave,
'Mid crosses on quiet hills above the sea,
A symbol of the lives they proudly gave,
Their arms laid down in peace eternally.

So 'tis for them, and those who do return,
Whose torches bright have burned, left but an ember
That poignant, hurtful, healing, mystic word,
That wordless lived on in their hearts: Remember.

—Cpl. J. BUTTERFIELD, QX3814.



CAPTURED JAPANESE FLAGS displayed with triumph by members of the Sixth Division in New Guinea. Cpl. F. W. Scamell, second from left, back row, sent the photo to his mother, Mrs. M. Scamell, 40 Primrose Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W. Second from right, back row, is Sgt. R. Storey, since killed in action. Others in the group include L/Cpl. T. Tyler, Sgt. J. Sharkey, and Cpl. R. Hancock.

Saw the King open Parliament

U.S. servicegirl led cheers for "the loveliest lady who stayed in town"

End of the war in the Pacific was the signal for celebrations and pageantry in England. Practically every day in the first week of peace the King and Queen appeared at one of these ceremonies, often driving in an open carriage through cheering crowds.

Perhaps the most impressive of all these functions, and also the most simple, was the opening of Parliament by His Majesty, which is described in this message.

Radioed from London by ALICE JACKSON

SIMPLY, quietly, very clearly the King read his speech. From her throne beside him, the Queen listened with rapt attention to every word.

It was an amazing moment in history. The greatest living monarch announcing to his Lords and Commons in the Mother of Parliaments that the world's most catastrophic war had ended with victory for their cause. No sound except his beautifully modulated voice broke the stillness.

So lacking in surface drama was the scene that it was difficult to realise fully that the modest words and phrases were not only bringing to a close an old world, but were also ushering in a new world of "peace and freedom, and social justice."

No note of boastfulness marred the perfect dignity of the victory announcement. Candor and restraint marked references to the future—candor which paid the highest possible tribute to the self-discipline of a conquering people.

Continuing shortages of houses, food, clothing, fuel "will call for the same spirit of tolerance and understanding which the nation has displayed during the past six years of war."

So the King briefly traversed the world-shaking events of the old era—years of misery, sacrifice, and courage; our debt to the dead; the atom bomb; San Francisco Conference; restoration of Europe; his meeting with President Truman; work ahead for the Navy, and the Army of Occupation; release of prisoners in Japanese hands; drawing down the curtain on the great world drama with steadfast hands and heart filled with gratitude to God for "this hour of deliverance."

From the war the King turned to peace, outlining the Labor Government's plans for ushering in a New World Order, the nationalisation of banking and coal, highlights of new social legislation.

To many of his Lords and Commons, long entrenched in hereditary privileges, this proposed new legislation spelled revolutionary changes; to many it might bring financial disaster.

In the same level tones he had used throughout, on the same con-

vincing note of concern for the welfare of his people, the King concluded his speech: "I pray that Almighty God may give His blessing to your councils."

The Queen was an enchanting figure in her long-trained frock of turquoise flat crepe, suiting to perfection her rose-leaf coloring and dark hair.

The Queen's hat of medium size, the same shade as the dress, was swept up at the left side and trimmed with blue ostrich feathers and a blue veil. She wore gloves of matching shade.

Diamonds adorned her corsage, twinkled also at wrists and among the feathers on her hat. Her necklace was pearls.

I noticed only three women in Service uniforms.

An exotic note was struck by the beautiful Lady Sinha, whose silver sari was worn under a long coat of crimson velvet. A Saudi Arabian Prince in national costume, and Lord Sempill in kilts contributed picturesque touches.

Outside in the beflagged city, where the Abbey bells chimed continuously, dense crowds, who had been assembling since 3 a.m. to watch the Royal procession, waited patiently in the rain for the King and Queen to appear again.



KING GEORGE driving through London in the gold State carriage.

When I got out they were still there. One American WAC painfully detached herself from the iron railings at the entrance.

"Look at my hands," she exclaimed. "I have been perched up there for hours just to see the Queen, and all I saw was a flash of blue velvet."

"Say" (appealing to the crowd), "what's the gen on where I get the next chance to see her? I'm just not going home without seeing her. My, but she must be a fine woman, staying on in London right through the piece."

"You're right there," chimed in a Canadian soldier. "Want to give her a cheer, sister?"



HIS MAJESTY with Britain's new Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, at Buckingham Palace, just before Mr. Attlee announced his Cabinet.

"Sure, I'll be cheer leader to your Queen," obliged the WAC.

So, heedless of the rain and oblivious of the fact that they had already cheered themselves hoarse, a happy little band of Londoners, led by the American WAC, gave another hearty cheer for the loveliest of all the ladies who had stayed in town when London Bridge was falling down.

W

ELL, since obviously he wanted none of her, the best thing she could do was get over it as quickly as possible. Thank goodness, she thought, another week will see us back in Rangoon, and that will be the end of it.

The ship docked at the Bassein Rice Company's jetty at four the following afternoon. Mara, leaning over the rail, watched the ship make fast. She could see Dickie waiting, watching the ship come in, with his Burmese nurse. Dickie was jumping up and down in a great state of excitement, imagining his mother had come back. He was long-legged and skinny, as white children grow in the East.

For a little while the ship held his interest. Then, childlike, he wandered off, and the next time she saw him he seemed to be playing chess round the stone fountain that stood in the centre of the green English lawn. For a little while, Mara could not make out with whom he was playing. Then she realised it was a small brown monkey.

Sandy came down the ladder. "You can go ashore, the gangway is just coming down. Is that the wee laddie? He's a fine-looking little fellow. And how old is he?"

"I don't know exactly," said Mara, and laughed at the astonished look he gave her. Of course, she thought, they all think he's mine. Well, there wasn't time to go into explanations just then. She ran toward the gangway.

Sandy said: "One moment. It's the captain. He wants a word with you."

Peregrine stood at the foot of the ladder. His voice was distant.

"All being well, we hope to get off at dawn the day after to-morrow. You and your child must be on board to-morrow evening at sunset."

"We will be ready." As she went down the gangway she remembered how the harassed young man in the shipping company's office had said it might be best to let the captain believe he was taking round the

mother, since that was what he stipulated.

As she approached the bungalow, Dickie was sitting on the verandah steps, his arms round the monkey. The Burmese nurse was hovering close by. On the verandah, the butler stood, woodenly impassive. When the little boy saw Mara coming up the path his face fell. "You're not my Mummy!" he said belligerently.

"No, darling. I'm a friend of Mummy's come to take you back to her."

Just for an instant his lips quivered with disappointment, but it passed, and he pumped up. "Nannie. It's a friend of my Mummy's, and we are going to her. Are we going on the big ship? When are we going? Can we go now, this minute? Oh, I want to go on the big ship now. So does Ferdi."

He turned to gaze fondly down at the monkey. "That's Ferdi," he told Mara. "He is my special friend. You'll love him very much."

The house was vast, but pretty and homelike, with English chintzes, and soft blue carpets with Chinese dragons on them. No wonder Nancy loves it, thought Mara, and she felt a little twist of envy in her heart, remembering all she herself had missed in life.

Dickie was doing the honors, showing her round. Whisking aside the curtains that covered the doors. "Mummy's room," he said. "I go to her in the morning and have my sugar an' banana."

"You take lady spare room," said the ayah. "I fetch clean sheets, make all ready for sleeping. I tell butler, one lady for dinner."

"Are you my aunt?" Dickie asked Mara.

"Well, sort of," she temporised. "Just call me Mara for short."

He tried the name over once or twice in an undertone, and seemed to decide it would do. Presently the ayah returned and removed him to have his bath.

And Yet I Love Her

Continued from page 3

"Mummy always comes and watches me have my bath."

Obviously that was the pattern to which she must conform herself out. She was a little surprised to see the monkey sitting on the side of the bath, as if he were about to have one also.

"Is dirt monkey," said the ayah dispassionately. "I don't like it. Zuttttt!"

She waved a towel at it. Ferdi took no notice whatever of her.

"Some day," said Dickie, sipping a stick-like leg, "I am going on a visit to his mother and father in the jungle. He said so."

"Baba talking plentee nonsense," said the ayah.

A dreadful idea came suddenly to Mara, but she put it away from her. No use looking for trouble. Surely he would realise, without being told, that he couldn't take the monkey back to Rangoon with him! If he didn't, she hoped his ayah would break the news to him, and not expect her to!

The butler waited on her at dinner. He had been with Nancy and Phillip all their married life.



"I feel reckless to-day, Henri. Take my hair and ad lib."

When dinner was over, she went out on to the verandah.

Not more than two shouts from the front of the verandah was the proof of the Star, lit up with floodlights because there was all night loading of the cargo of rice. There were two gangplanks fixed now. Up one the coolies crept with loaded bags, down the other they came jauntily to pick up a fresh load. And as they worked they sang, an endless, monotonous dirge that seemed to have neither end nor beginning.

There was something wild and picturesque about the scene that was beautiful, in spite of the mill chimney belching its black smoke, and the huddle and mess of the measuring sheds with their corrugated-iron roofs.

What was Peregrine doing? She could see the lit bridge, but it seemed to be empty. We could have shouted to each other, she thought, from here. Had he gone ashore? Sandy had said there was nowhere in Bassein to go. She found herself hoping passionately this was so. She strained her eyes, trying to catch a glimpse of him.

The whole house seemed to be haunted by the ghost of Nancy's and Phillip's happiness. Ghosts everywhere of happy lovers, that only emphasised her own loneliness!

Mara went early to bed. At least her meeting with Dickie had gone off quite successfully, and he did not seem to object to her. He had made no fuss at the prospect of going off with her to Rangoon. She remembered that with a little thrill of triumph, aware how much she had feared things might not go so well. She tried hard to think only of pleasant things, that would not keep sleep away.

All the same, sleep would not come, and at last she arose. She went out on to the verandah.

A tropical night! It was so beautiful that a little pain twisted in her heart. How much more beautiful it might be.

B

ELOW in the garden something stirred. She saw Peregrine. He was wearing khaki shorts and a shirt open at the neck; the first time, she thought, I've seen him out of uniform. Then she saw there was something unusual about him. He stood, half-bewildered, looking about him. She thought, horrified, he's been ashore. He's eluded Sandy somehow and been off on his own.

She ran downstairs and caught him by the arm. He turned and stared at her blindly. Not seeing her, she knew, her heart contracted with misery and with pity.

"Get back," he said. "Get to get back."

"That's all right. I'll take you back."

He looked down at her with narrowed eyes. As if trying to concentrate. As if making an enormous effort to remember who she was. She thought, shocked and frightened; he's been drinking native spirit. She had heard talk enough about the liquor brewed in native stills, and what it did to a man. It was oblivion bought at too great a price.

She took his hand and led him toward the gangway, but he stumbled and would have fallen. Then she saw her eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, that there was a cut on his head and blood running down his cheek.

"You're hurt!" she said. She put her arm about him, and helped him up the gangway and up the ladder on to the bridge. There was no one at that end of the ship. The air lights lit the after gangways, but left the forepart of the ship in shadow, and all hands helped with the loading.

She took him to the cabin. He groaned once or twice as she washed and bound his head. He was oddly quiet, amenable as a child, all his old anger gone. When she had bound him up, she made him lie on his bunk. She pulled the light blanket over him and turned blindly toward the door.

"Come here!"

Please turn to page 19

Thirst for knowledge kept prisoners occupied

They studied a wide range of subjects

By an ex-Prisoner of War

In their thirst for knowledge men in German prisoner - of - war camps learnt about swimming without swimming pools, and horse-riding with only a wooden model.

They also pored over books in order to sit for English University examinations, and of the 400 Australians who studied courses a high percentage is expected to pass.

THE London committee of the Australian Red Cross is making a survey of the results available. Candidates will know their fate in the next few weeks.

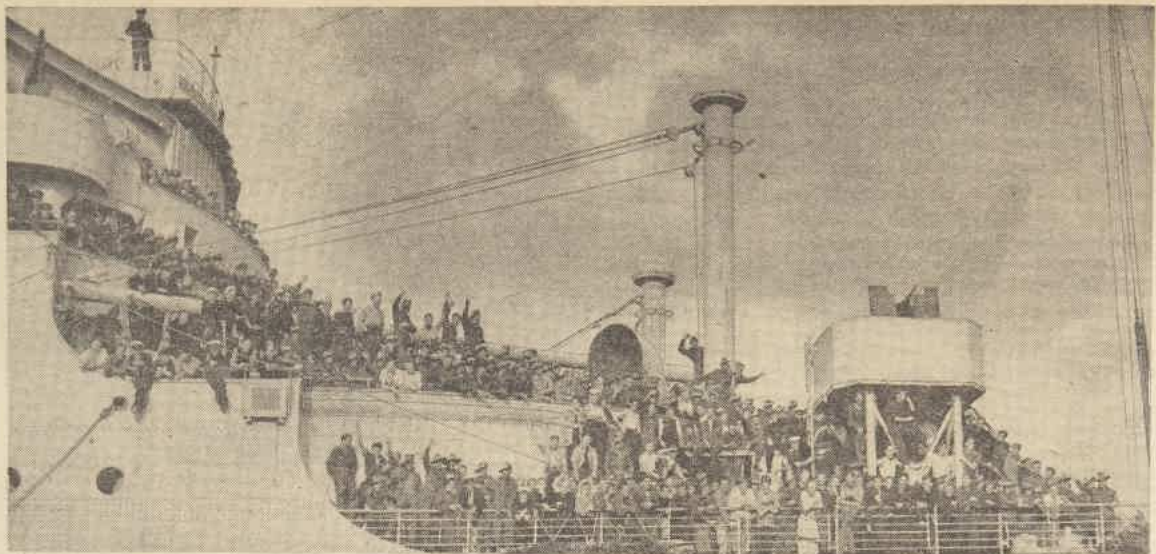
It looks as if merchant seamen will be able to claim easily the highest percentage of passes.

Prisoners attended makeshift stalg schools or swatted privately in their huts, then with German guards snooping round the room safe for their examinations.

Red Cross study courses sent through Geneva covered every subject from dramatic criticism to blacksmithing or beekeeping.

In non-working stalags, lying on their bunks or sitting at tables, men pored over books on lumber, pigs, diesel, journalism, painting, boat-building, salesmanship, playwriting, shorthand, accountancy—anything, everything.

Barns were converted into schools partitioned into classrooms



RETURNED PRISONERS OF WAR line the rails of the ship that brought them home to Australia.

with sides of Red Cross plywood boxes, cardboard, and old blankets. Volunteers were called for teachers, and in large camps experts were found in every subject.

The attitude of the Germans to this large-scale lust to learn was indifferent. They did not help, but they did not often hinder.

Textbooks on radio were confiscated, but history books with critical comment on Germany's First World War were overlooked.

In one prison where attempts by prisoners to tunnel under the wire fence were discovered, all books on mining were confiscated.

Books by H. L. Mencken and H. G. Wells included in study courses were also confiscated simply because the Nazis did not like Menckens and Wells.

A swarm of bees settling on a prison building began a very intense beekeeping study group. Not

all who joined the beekeeping class were educationally minded. Some had their eye on dividends.

This first swarm was gathered into a Red Cross box hurriedly converted into a hive. This was early spring. By winter there were five hives loaded with honey.

In the following spring, when a home-bred swarm hung itself on the perimeter fence and a bee enthusiast went to gather it, a guard threatened to shoot.

There was a prison law that prisoners approaching within six feet of the perimeter wire would be shot.

After dark, with the guard bribed with cigarettes to look the other way, the square of beehived wire was cut away and the prize hurried off.

Next day the mutilated fence was reported to the commandant. All hives were confiscated, and the

honey went on to the breakfast tables of the German officers' mess.

That ended the practical education of stalg beekeepers.

In another stalg a horse-riding school was begun by a cavalry N.C.O., who had been with Army horses in India.

Enthusiasts built a full-size wooden horse, and from memory made riding harness with bits of old canvas and discarded clothes.

When a horse-drawn rubbish cart came into the prison, members of the school would gather round for anatomical study of the real thing.

Lifeguarding, even swimming, with no pool to practise in, were taught by Australian surf club members.

Many men who cannot swim a stroke have got to know theory inside out.

At another stalg a concrete pool was put in for fire emergency services. In summer men swam in it when the Germans were not looking, mostly at night. In winter it was just a block of ice, and they skated on it.

One winter, when Germans cut off the water supply as a reprisal for late parade, this swimming-pool-ice-rink was chopped into pieces and handed round the prison as a thirst-quencher.

Dress designing, dressmaking, and all sorts of needlework were taught in most stalags.

Knitting became popular with British prisoners throughout Germany, when it got known that tough, fire-breathing General Fortune, of the famous Fifty-first Division, had knitted himself a rug.

Piles of rugs

OLD socks and sweaters were unravelled, and needles were made of pine splinters.

Into these rugs were knitted all kinds of designs.

Australians used to aim at getting a kangaroo somewhere in the pattern; regulars of the British Army favored their regimental badges as decorations.

Cypriots and Palestinians were specially fast and able knitters. They spent their summer days making piles of rugs. As winter came they sold them for 500 cigarettes each.

As a rule, Australians were tardy needworkers.

They would begin a rug in the middle of winter, when it got so cold they felt they ought to do something about it, and finish it some time in summer. Then, often as the snow of the next winter began to fall, they would have to be sold to recoup two-up losses.

Language learning was popular, with large groups learning French, German, Russian, Italian, and Spanish.

A young South Australian clerk learnt French and German fluently in a year. Then he decided to learn Spanish. He shifted into a hut occupied by former Spanish members of the Foreign Legion, and in eight months had added perfect Spanish to his repertoire. After that he tackled the Yugoslav language, but did not have time to finish the course.

When Japan came into the war Australians besieged Geneva Educational Centre for books on the Japanese language. Then they settled down to acquire the language that might help them should they have any opportunity of going to the Pacific war.

These men discovered that learning to speak Japanese was much less arduous than learning German or even French.

Two degrees

AT one stalg in little over twelve months about a dozen Australians learned enough Japanese to spend a night in understandable conversation without reverting to any other tongue.

An Australian State representative of an overseas whisky firm, aged 54, tackled several subjects in science and art so doggedly that after two years he is almost certain to get two Bachelor Degrees in Arts and Science.

Hundreds wrote short stories, many wrote novels, and some wrote plays. A few composed music.

Plays and music helped to entertain other prisoners, and though few of the short stories or novels will ever see print, writing them helped to preserve sanity.

Alluring, if perhaps a trifle gaudy, pictures of life in Australia were always being painted by enthusiastic Australians to groups of Englishmen who had decided England would not be a profitable place to live in for a long time to come. A minority of Canadians and New Zealanders were always battling hard to prove their countries had superior prospects for immigrants.

The result of this intense national propaganda was that by the end of the war in Europe thousands of Englishmen had pledged themselves to leave England to begin life again.

Most of them will never go. A lot would be unsuitable, especially those in the regular Army.

But awed by rich, robust descriptions of the gold and grain to be garnered overseas and quick fortunes to be made by little and easy work, these men from England's overcrowded towns spent their prison days in dreaming of future splendor and ease. And in places that were never pleasant it was something to be able to dream even of fantasies.

Soviet Minister's wife wielded pick and shovel

By ADRIENNE KEITH COHEN

From personal experience, Mrs. A. T. Lifanov, wife of the newly arrived Soviet Minister to Australia, knows how well her countrywomen played their part in the war.

MRS. LIFANOV is one of the women who worked with picks and shovels beside their men to build defences for Moscow when the Germans were advancing.

For her tireless work Mrs. Lifanov was awarded the Medal for Moscow Defence—a high honor received by comparatively few.

She discounts her part in the war with an expressive shrug.

"All the women did it. I am no heroine," she said through her interpreter.

When I expressed admiration that a woman could do such work and still remain attractive in appearance, Mrs. Lifanov smiled.

"It is because we are women," she said.

Mrs. Lifanov is remarkably good-looking. She has a flawless skin, splendid features, widely spaced brown eyes, and a smile which conveys genuine warmth and interest. Her tall, slim figure carries well her simple, smart clothes.

A qualified primary school teacher before the war, Mrs. Lifanov was studying at the University of Literature to qualify as a high school teacher when the Germans attacked Russia.

With the Germans approaching Moscow she was not discouraged

into abandoning her studies.

She simply shouldered all extra work, studying and reading whenever she could.

Elected to the Moscow Municipal Council in charge of Child Welfare in 1939,

Mrs. Lifanov was chosen by the Council to take charge of the evacuation of children from Moscow when that became necessary.

Her own small daughter Galina had to join the evacuees.

All during this time Mrs. Lifanov witnessed the indescribable atrocities of the Germans.

She saw evacuating children mown down by machine guns to give the Germans "practice"; she saw men, women, and children hanged en masse.

But she, together with other able-bodied women, worked on untiringly.

And only when her husband's appointment to Australia came through did she abandon her University studies.

As soon as they were on board



MRS. LIFANOV, wife of the Soviet Minister, with her daughter Galina at their Canberra home.

ship the family started to learn English.

"We should speak English all the time," commented 12-year-old Galina—in English.

It is Galina's main wish that she should go to the English school. As she is the oldest child in Canberra's Russian colony her wish will be fulfilled as soon as she can speak and understand English well enough to take part in regular classes.

Until then she will receive tuition from a special teacher.

While she is in Australia Mrs. Lifanov intends to really know the country and the people.

She hopes to give lectures on Australia and Australians when she eventually returns to Russia.

PEACEFUL DAYS AGAIN IN ENGLAND



AT SOUTHEAST workmen demolish one of 2000 massive concrete blocks built for the defence of Britain. American equipment provides silent demolition, so holiday-makers are undisturbed.



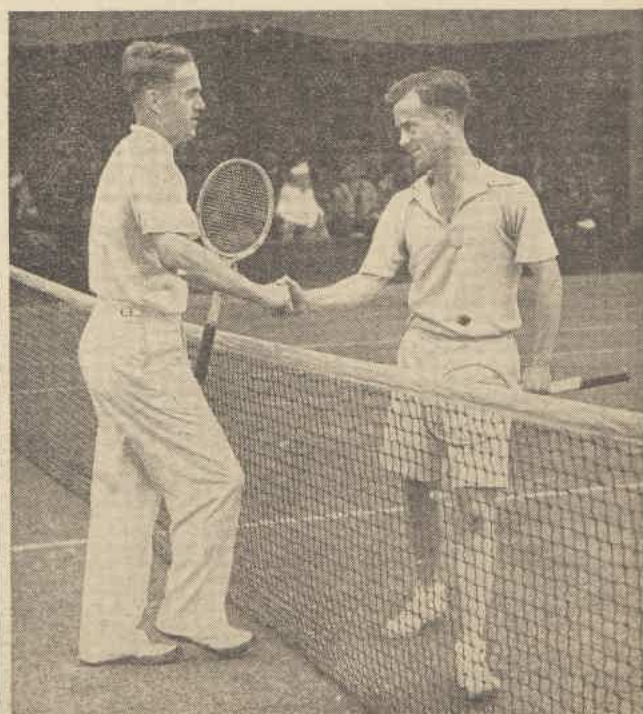
SYMBOL of peaceful England. Queen Mary, always a keen follower of international tennis, back again in her favorite seat at Wimbledon, with her widowed daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Kent.



STREETS THROGGED with children again. The King and Queen receive a tumultuous welcome at Douglas, during their visit to the Isle of Man.

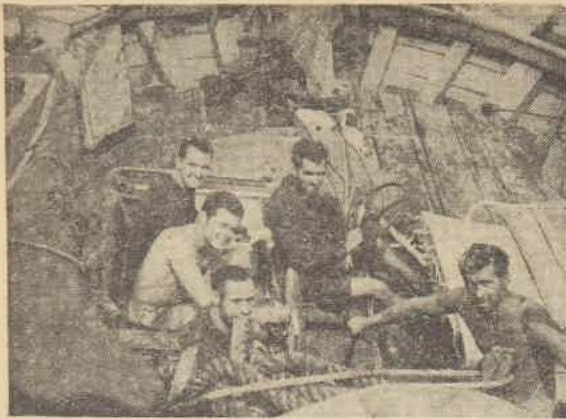


SAFE IN PORT. H.M.A.S. Australia is being repaired in England after suicide plane attacks in the Pacific. High Commissioner Bruce meets officers and men of the cruiser during the gay round of festivities arranged in their honor.



FIRST INTERNATIONAL TENNIS since 1939. F/Sgt. O. W. Sidwell, R.A.A.F. (right), shakes hands with Capt. A. Henderson, U.S.A., whom he defeated. U.S.A. beat British Services by four matches.

Record voyage of former fishing boat



CREW MEMBERS of *Eduardo* relax in their jeep—booty acquired in Italy among a wide range of souvenirs.



SHIP'S GUNNERS. Wireless-Operator "Sparks" (left), Chief-Engineer Alan Corey, and Seaman Maurice Wilkinson.

Smallest R.N. craft to make trip here from Britain

The crew cheered and the white ensign fluttered triumphantly from her mast.

The 140-ton ship had made Fremantle four months after leaving England—the smallest R.N. ship to make the passage during the war.

She was the *Eduardo*, assigned for special duty with the British Pacific Fleet.

Her romantic story is told by her former commander. Here it is—the story of a young man and the ships in which, in his own words, he "has been master after God."

By

Lieut. PETER SIMPSON-JONES, R.N.V.R.



LIEUT. PETER SIMPSON-JONES, R.N.V.R., who commanded the *Eduardo* on her trip to Australia. Now stationed in Sydney he devotes his spare time to the R.N. Dramatic Society. He is stage manager for its production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" at Bryant's Playhouse.

IT must be every young seaman's favorite pipe-dream to sail his own ship over the great oceans. For me this war has made these dreams reality.

Ever since the beginning of 1942 I have been "master after God" in my own small ship, on detached service, for the most part out of radio touch with the great men who control the destinies of junior naval officers.

In the early days of the war I was in the Southern Indian Ocean where, in a 50-ton schooner, ostensibly trading in "guano," we used to keep an eye on the activities of the Vichy French in La Reunion and Madagascar.

Native crew

THE ship was based on Mauritius, and except for my First-Lieutenant the whole of the rest of the crew were Mauritian natives. Life was not very warlike, being divided between sailing, fishing, and sun-baking. But it was, nevertheless, very enjoyable.

This Utopian phase was brought to a somewhat abrupt end by my being captured by the French.

After seven rather uncomfortable months in gaol—having been sentenced to five years "hard" by an unsympathetic court-martial—I was released when our own troops captured Tananarive.

After my release, I spent six pleasant months pottering up and down the coast of Portuguese East Africa in an 80-ton ketch called *Lindi*, at the time when submarines were particularly active in the Mozambique Channel.

Here again my ship's company well-represented most of the countries in that part of the Southern Hemisphere.

They were the terror of the Laurence Marques and Beira water-fronts and my constant pride and joy.

In March, 1943, however, it was decided that I needed more schooling, and I returned to the United Kingdom to indulge in an orgy of courses until September.

I was flown up to Italy together with two naval ratings, and arrived

in Naples four days after the city had been captured.

Within 24 hours of my arrival to be attached to the staff of Flag Officer, West Italian Theatre, for special operations. I had been presented with a reasonably sized island, half a flotilla of Italian motor torpedo boats, and a couple of hundred Italian naval personnel.

It was all rather overwhelming, but life was like that in Naples in those days.

Everybody was giving away castles and expensive motor-cars, working like navvies all day trying to turn the harbor into a going concern, and returning to luxurious palazzos littered with grand pianos each evening.

On my island I had a very luxurious little villa and was fortunate enough to find a practically brand-new Dodge motor-car hidden up a mountain, and so was as well off as anyone in the area.

Shortly after my arrival I noticed a dilapidated-looking Italian motor fishing vessel with rather lovely lines. Her name was *Eduardo*.

As she was doing nothing in particular at the time, I managed to persuade the admiral to requisition her on the grounds that we needed a mother ship for the motor torpedo boat flotilla.

A British naval crew was sent out and we spent six of the pleasantest months warmaking that any man could ask for.

The front line was 26 miles away, and the gun flashes were visible every night. The monotony of this was broken by air raids on Naples, which we watched with considerable interest.

To cap it all, Vesuvius erupted and beside the splendor of this wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, all human efforts at pyrotechnics indeed look puny.

From our island, 15 miles out, in the Bay of Naples, we were able to view these spectacles quite dispassionately.

In the intervals between our voy-

ages, the fitting out of *Eduardo* was proceeding apace, and many and varied were the sources of supply. She has recently been described by a senior Royal Australian Navy officer as "poetically bristling with guns."

I shall not forget early one morning being confronted by an infuriated captain of the Royal Artillery who claimed that my seamen had removed one Oerlikon gun complete from his A.A. defence battery.

Upon my hotly denying this, he took me down to the ship, there to confront me with said Oerlikon mounted aft, where it had not been the night before.

It transpired that the gun had long been coveted by my ship's company, who had organised a "night operation" to remove it from an apparently deserted Italian battery.

This had been taken over by the R.A. only the day before.

Souvenirs

BEING sportsmen, the Army allowed us to retain our booty. Our Bofors was a present from the 5th Army as a souvenir of the part we took in reconnoitering the beaches and leading in the invasion at Anzio.

Various items ranging from domestic refrigerators to air-compressors and a jeep were acquired in like manner.

In April, 1944, welcome orders were received to bring *Eduardo* back to the United Kingdom, as she was required to play her small part in the D-Day operations.

The voyage home was uneventful except for a mild attempt to sabotage the engines on the part of the Italian engineers I had been forced to retain, as they were convinced that the ship, which had been built to fish round Italy, would never survive the Bay of Biscay passage.

Their demeanour the first few days out from Gib. was that of men condemned to certain death, and their joy on sighting the Solis manifested itself in nearly setting

their messdeck on fire burning candles of gratitude.

In August the fabulous news reached us that we were to sail our 140-ton ship out to Australia, and a frenzied month was spent fitting her out in order to get back to the Mediterranean before the autumn gales.

This must surely go down as one of the most pleasant assignments an officer could get in any war.

Our crew comprised Alan Corey, chief engineer, First-Lieut. Stuart Carnachan, and 17 patrol service ratings.

We steamed the ship past Gibraltar to Algiers, and thence to Malta, Tunis, Alexandria, where a major refit to prepare the ship for tropical conditions was carried out, on through Suez down the Red Sea to Aden, and across the Arabian Sea to Colombo.

During this part of the journey we were proudly appointed as armed escort to a tug, the *Empress Josephine*.

Our pride was only slightly dampened by the fact that during the latter stage of the journey the tug had to take us in tow due to a temporary engine failure.

However, we developed a tremendous affection for one another. New Year's Day fell about 800 miles off Colombo and predominating Scottish members of both ships' crews commandeered the loudspeaker equipment to bombard one another across the waters with appropriate haggis greetings.

The 3200-mile hop from Colombo to Fremantle presented considerable difficulties, as our maximum range was only 2000 miles.

This was overcome by a 3000-ton tanker accompanying us for the first half of the journey.

After a rough but uneventful passage of 18 days, we arrived in Australia four months after leaving the United Kingdom, to be informed that we were the smallest ship flying the white ensign that had made the passage this war.

My great ambition at present is to meet up with some seamen with similar ideas so that a sailing-party home can be organised. Anyone interested?

WASHING-DAY aboard the *Eduardo*.

Winners OF THE £1,000 "AEROPHOS" Recipe Quest

The manufacturers of "Aerophos," the modern raising ingredient used in leading brands of self-raising flour, have pleasure in announcing the winners in the recent "Aerophos" Recipe Quest. They congratulate the prize winners and thank each and every one of the thousands of housewives who submitted recipes.

GRAND FIRST PRIZE

£250

was won by

Mrs. J. E. JENKINS,

8 Gibbons Street,

WERRIBEE, Vic.

Her Recipe—

Golden Snow Cake

8 First Prizes £50 ea.

Mrs. A. Taylor, Lake Hawassa, N.S.W. (Delicious Mince Pie.)

Mrs. M. Dale, 132 Queen's Rd., Ryecroft, N.S.W. (Orange Blossom Sponge.)

Mrs. L. Smith, 38 Olive St., South Caulfield, Vic. (Fruit Cake.)

Mrs. J. E. Jenkins, 8 Gibbons St., Werribee, Vic. (Golden Snow Cake.)

E. W. Inglis, Pine Lodge, Vic. (Orange Ginger Cakes.)

Mrs. Black, 34 Wright St., Hurstville, N.S.W. (3 Way Tea Cakes.)

Mrs. L. Jenkins, 414 Oxide St., Broken Hill, N.S.W. (Good Companion.)

Mrs. J. P. Lawrie, Lake View St., Boonville, (Bird's Nest Cake.)

8 Second Prizes £20 ea.

Mrs. M. Clarke, 14 Britannia St., Penang Hill, N.S.W.

Mrs. W. Fin, Atkins Rd., Ermington, N.S.W.

Mrs. L. Wilson, 75 Eddy Road, Chaulwood, N.S.W.

Mrs. U. Englebrecht, Farquhar St., Wingham, N.S.W.

Mrs. A. Munro, Annac St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

Dorothy Nairn, 57 Edward St., Bexley North, N.S.W.

Mrs. A. T. Tennant, 198 Charles St., Launceston, Tas.

Mrs. J. Hunter, 2700X, O.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

8 Third Prizes £10 ea.

Mrs. J. Page, 10 Billong St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Mrs. G. Mills, Old Bonalbo, N.S.W.

Mrs. A. T. Grant, Memerambi, Kingsbury Lane, Qld.

Mrs. M. Baker, Merryland, Aston St., Rossmill, N.S.W.

Mrs. L. Burns, 10a Fourth Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Mrs. D. Heidrich, 28 Bloom St., Moonee Ponds, N.S.W.

Joan A. Stalton, 167 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Mrs. G. J. Taylor, Forestry Cottage, Gilrath, via Stroud, N.S.W.

9 Weekly Prizes £5 ea.

Dorothy Nairn, 57 Edward Street, Bexley North, N.S.W.

Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Road, Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

Mrs. E. Smith, 97 Coode Street, South Perth, W.A.

Mrs. N. Volk, Manumbar, via Kimbomba, Kingsbury Lane, Qld.

Mrs. E. Morrison, 17 Edwards St., Chippenhead, N.S.W.

Mrs. E. Craig, Cameron St., Wauchope, N.S.W.

Mrs. M. E. Dilgith, Dewdney Farm, Kelso, N.S.W.

Mrs. I. Houston, 11 Fleming St., Northwood, N.S.W.

Mrs. M. G. Perry, 27 Latrobe Avenue, Alphington, Vic.

And Yet I Love Her

Continued from page 15

MARA turned abruptly. There was a note of such despair in his voice that she ran to him frightened. Before she knew what he was about, he pulled her down towards him and kissed her. Then he lay looking at her wide-eyed.

"I've dreamed this before. Many times before. But this time I've had something. I've had that. Before it fades out." His voice was broken and incoherent. He let her go, and turned with an odd air of contentment to the wall. He seemed to sleep.

She ran down the ladder and over the dark garden back to the house, crying bitterly.

She was awakened next morning very early, by someone pulling down the sheet and getting unceremoniously into bed with her. It was Dickie. He wore a white cotton sleeping-suit, and carried a disreputable-looking cat in his arms.

"I've brought around all my friends to see you," said Dickie, happily.

She pulled the sheet up to her neck, anxious to remain in Dickie's good books, but if possible without the cat.

"Oh, Dickie, must you bring him in here?" she said faintly. "I don't think I am terribly fond of cats."

"This one is a different sort of cat. You'll like him. His name is Percy." The ayah had brought tea and two bananas on a tray.

"Baba always eating bananas in Mummie's room."

Mara peeled his banana for him and lay back watching Dickie eat it. "Do you always sleep alone?" asked Dickie, interested.

"Always," she said, firmly. "Aren't you never lonely, in by yourself?"

"Sometimes," she said, "a little lonely."

"To-night I'll let you have Percy."

She changed the subject quickly, pushing far from her mind such a fearful prospect.

"Do you know where we shall be to-night? Sleeping on a ship?"

"Oh, what fun. Sleeping on a ship." Dickie began to jump up and down, rocking the bed, almost upsetting the tea things. "And in one day shall I see my mummie?"

"In about two and a half days."

"Percy wants to go out." The cat, dislodged by the rocking, was pawing at the mosquito net. Dickie let him out. "Will you get up, Mara? When you've got up I will show you my deer. Daisy Deer, Dora Deer, and Dear Deer. The last one was Daddy's name for her."

More animals! Really, thought Mara, the child seems to have been raised in a zoo.

She dressed and went out on to the verandah and looked over toward the ship, her heart thudding. Was Peregrine all right? Would he, this morning, remember anything about that kiss in the dawn? She couldn't settle down without knowing. She ran up the gangway, and on to the empty deck, and presently she came across Sandy looking hot and crumpled after being up all night seeing to the loading.

Sandy, looking anxious, answered her question before she asked it.

"He's bad this morning. Fever," said Sandy, not looking at her. His eyes were too honest. They could take no part in a lie. "Could you telephone down to the hospital, and maybe the doctor would come out to us. He's fallen and cut his head."

"I'll telephone right away. What will you do if he is ill?"

"He'll get over it. It never lasts long. I can't make it out. He went ashore for a walk. It was a just like he's been before." His kind, red face puckered with anxiety.

"I've tried to find out where he went, but he can't remember a thing about it. It looks to me like he's been hit on the head."

He could not remember a thing about it. That was what she had wanted to know. She went back to the bungalow and gave Sandy's message to the assistant-surgeon, and then went into breakfast.

Dickie was already there, with the butler standing beside him and Ferdi the monkey sitting on the back of his chair.

"Where have you been?" said

Dickie. "I looked for you. Ferdi, too, was looking for you. Weren't you, Ferdi? An' Percy looked for you, too. We've been packing to go on the big steamer. Ferdi has to have his nuts."

Again Mara sensed breakers ahead. She changed the subject. Breakfast over, Dickie took her out to inspect the deer. They crowded round Dickie, nibbling the bread he brought them, and now and again absent-mindedly nibbling his hair.

"You don't suppose he expects to take all these animals round to Rangoon with him, butler?" she asked unhappily. The butler looked doubtful.

"Baba always taking Ferdi monkey every place. Ferdi monkey more like brother, missie. I think, not taking Ferdi monkey, baba crying too much."

Nancy should have warned me, thought Mara. No mention whatever had been made of this private zoo, and she could not believe that Nancy and Phillip would expect them.

The great thing would be not to let Dickie know there was anything final in this departure. Then maybe he would not fret. But in this she was thwarted by the servants, and that vast horde of hangers-on who inhabit every Eastern compound, all it seemed, bound to Dickie by the ties of intimate friendship. Old men, grandmothers, a mob of children had congregated walling under the verandah when Mara, accompanied by Dickie carrying Ferdi, and followed by the butler with the suitcases, came down toward sunset to go aboard the Star.

Until this final moment of departure Dickie had thought only that he was going to see his mother again. Seeing the crowd all walling, Dickie stopped short.

"Butler, what for these people making noise?"

"Don't take any notice of them. Perhaps you'll be back in quite a short time. Butler, please, please tell them to go away. You'll only make the baba unhappy," said Mara.

"But these people are my friends," said Dickie, appalled. "I don't want to go away and leave them."

Steps sounded on the deck. Mara, who had just been congratulating herself things had all passed off better than she dared hope, turned and saw Peregrine. He wore uniform, and his cap hid the cut on his head. He looked, she thought, with a catch at her heart, desperately ill. Surely he ought not to be up and about if he had fever?

"Good. You're aboard. I was just going to send over to tell you we're casting off an hour earlier than I first thought. The gangway will be up in a few minutes. The sooner we get off the better. This is the child?" Then his face hardened and his eyes grew bald. He saw Ferdi. "What in the name of fortune!"

She said in a low voice, "I'll explain." But Peregrine, if he heard, entirely ignored her. "Here, you. Serang. Topaz. Come and take this beast ashore. Quick."

The gangway was already half up. Ferdi was seized and whirled away

almost before Dickie realised what was going on. When he understood, he made a dash to get to the gangway, but it was too late. Then he flew at Peregrine, and kicked him and bit him.

"How dare you! He's my brother! I want him. Give him back to me at once."

Mara said, very low: "Oh, please. Couldn't you stretch a point? You don't understand."

Peregrine, vaguely amused, picked Dickie off like a burr. "I understand one thing, and that is you haven't brought your child up very well. I am stretching no more points. Having you two at all is enough. You had better explain to your child that aboard ship a captain's word is law, and multitudes are hung in chains."

He went up the ladder, leaving Dickie sobbing helplessly. The ropes were cast off. The steamer moved out into midstream. The walling on shore grew louder. Dickie, his head between the rails, joined in the walling.

I shall go mad, Mara thought. This was a nice beginning! How on earth shall I ever stand two whole days of it!

Dickie went on crying and stamping his feet. She knelt down beside him.

"Listen, darling, and do be reasonable. Ferdi wouldn't have liked Rangoon. He was used to the jungle. He'd have hated the traffic and the crowds and trains."

She mopped him up painstakingly. She felt drained and exhausted. What, on earth did women do who had two or three of them, all probably carrying on like this!

"All right, Mara. I won't cry," Dickie snorted. "But I hate that man!"

"It's simply silly to say that, and very babyish," Mara pointed out coldly.

"All right." He pressed his face impulsively against her. "We won't be on his old ship for long, will we?"

"Not for long, darling. Thank goodness." No, thank goodness, she thought, it won't be for long.

To be continued

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



WORTH Reporting

Kind house

SEASIDE holidays are a mixed pleasure in England. Hotels will not take families larger than four, and rooms have to be booked months in advance.

If a family succeeds in finding rooms in a private house, food becomes a major problem as the trades people do not seem to carry extra stocks for emergency rations.

Mrs. Higgins, of Southend, opened her door to a knock to find a woman and four youngsters on her doorstep.

"Can you possibly give us a little lunch?" asked the mother. "I want to give the children a jolly day by the sea—the first since the war—and I just can't get any food for them anywhere."

"We'll pay you the proper price—three-and-sixpence per head."

"I'll certainly do my best. I won't charge you that," was Mrs. Higgins' reply. "But out of all the thousands of houses in Southend what made you choose mine?"

"Well, we all agreed it looked a kind house, and you had nice clean window-curtains."

Animal Antics



"That boy is really scared."

AT a recent shipyard launching, a woman who was to christen the ship was quite nervous.

Just before the ceremony the shipyard manager asked her if she wanted to ask any questions.

"Yes," she replied meekly. "How hard do you have to hit the ship to knock it into the water?"

Imported husbands

INTERESTING figures on marriages come from "Facts and Figures of Australia at War," issued by the Commonwealth Department of Information.

The bridegrooms in 5957 of the marriages of servicemen in Australia in the three years 1942 to 1944 were United States servicemen.

During the same period Canadian-born servicemen were bridegrooms in 120 weddings and Dutch in 224.

Forty-eight per cent. of the United States servicemen were married in Queensland, 21 per cent. in Victoria, and 19 per cent. in New South Wales. Of the Dutch servicemen, 41 per cent. were married in Western Australia. Thirty per cent. of the Canadians were married in Queensland.

No one knew him

JOSEPH MELHAM, who plays the Indian, Subadar, in Ken Hall's Columbia film, "Smithy," hopes he'll be recognised by his friends.

"I spent five months working as a Turk in 'Forty Thousand Horsemen' and was on the screen ten different times, but no one knew me, not even my own mother," says Joseph ruefully.

"Whenever my big screen moment came, I'd yell out, 'There I am, Mother,' and by the time she'd said, 'Where, dear?' I'd be flashed off the screen."

ALL'S WELL

The Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth will return to the passenger trade shortly.

JEWELLIED ports again

a-glimmer, Lovers gazing at a star, Dancing in the ballroom, music, Cocktails in the bar.

In the lounge, old ladies knitting, Sweepstakes on the daily run, Big shots at the captain's table, Fancy-dress—and fun.

Queens of the Atlantic crossing, Rigged as glamor girls again, But a million troops remember How they "knew them when."

And at middle watch, if moonlight Should a silver pathway make, Ghostly convoys dip a greeting Just for old times' sake.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Sophie and the Duke

SOPHIE TUCKER, famous American singer-comedian, tells a story about the Duke of Gloucester in her rare autobiography, "Some of These Days."

It was in 1922, when she was giving a show in London.

There was great excitement one night when a whisper ran through backstage that Prince Henry was making his first visit to the supper show.

"My music was playing," writes Sophie, "and I was making my entrance down the staircase, meanwhile trying to spot His Royal Highness in the crowd at the tables. I should have watched the steps."

"I missed one of them and nearly rolled down the balcony, only I caught the balustrade and just saved myself from going flat on the floor."

"It's your fault, Prince; I was looking for you," I said, and shook my finger at him.

"There was a dead stillness as the whole room waited to see how he was going to take it. When he let out a yell, the rest joined in."

"Later, when I was presented to him and tried to apologise for doing something that isn't done in England, he wouldn't let me."

Sea-cow

WHEN H.M.A. frigate Hawkesbury was at Leyte the crew were given strict instructions not to obtain milk from natives, Engineer-Lieut. McKay, R.A.N.R. (A.), told us.

This provoked a Filipino to original methods of convincing the visitors that his wares were O.K.

He arrived alongside in his canoe with his two sons and wife, who sat at one end steering the craft. Thirty or forty fowls for sale were perched in the rigging. In the centre the Filipino was busy milking a cow, who placidly fed from a bucket of grass!

Hawkesbury's crew saw the return of native families to Marius. One craft was heavily laden with family, pots and pans, pigs packed fore and aft, and washing drying in the rigging.

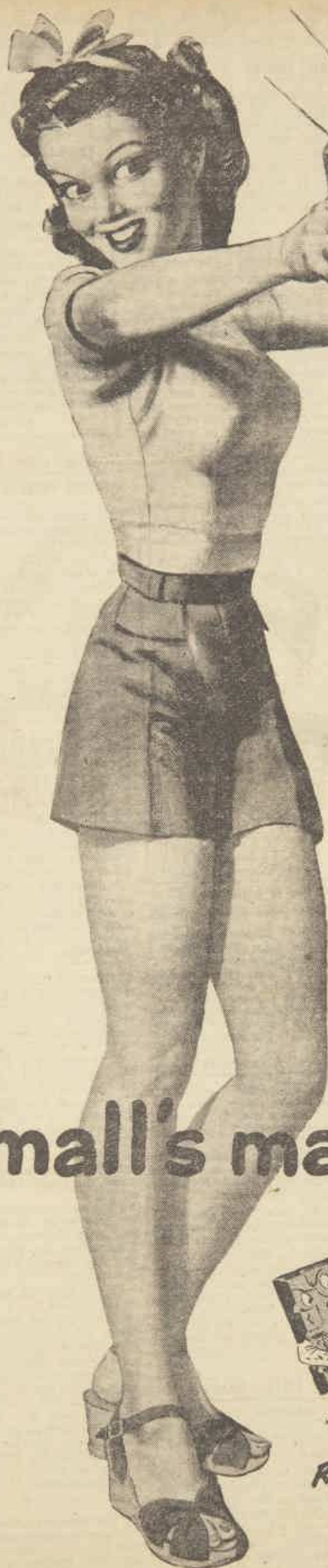
At the sight of Hawkesbury the many dogs on board set up pandemonium, barking furiously, leaping across the backs of the pigs, pots and pans, and crouching children.

It was too much for the modest native women, who hastily grabbed some clothes and disappeared to one side of the ship. This move upset the craft and in a minute everything was floating in the sea.

Order was quickly restored. First reinstalled in the flimsy craft were the squealing pigs, which the natives put such store by.

WAR bulletins evidently affected our younger generation. On the side of a shop wall the other day was chalked a heart, inside which was inscribed, "Johnny loves Helen."

Beneath this had been added in childish scrawl, "This is an unconfirmed report."



GOOD
CHOCOLATE
MUST
HAVE

SNAP

LIKE
SMALL'S
CHOCOLATE

It's got to be
SNAPPY!

1. Do you know any chocolate manufacturers?
2. Do you know anyone who works in a chocolate factory?
3. Do you know anyone in a confectionery shop?

One, or all, if they know anything about chocolate, they'll have to admit that the best chocolate has got to give a snap *you can hear* when you break it.

That's how you can tell the best quality chocolate — and Small's Club Chocolate always breaks with a good, loud *snap* that you can hear! Maybe you've never heard chocolate snap like this before. But you hear the snap in Small's Club Chocolate **EVERY** time.

Small's make great Chocolate

***in the Famous Black and White Wrapper**



**RESISTS
TROPIC HEAT**

**LADIES LIKE A
MAN'S CHOCOLATE**

We started off by making Club Chocolate especially for men. It's not too sweet. Now we find that the sweetest little ladies prefer a man's chocolate, in the famous black and white wrapper.



Loving wives, sweethearts and mothers started wondering why soldiers kept writing for Small's. It was another proof of Club Chocolate quality. Some chocolate often goes melty on an Australian summer day, so you can imagine what the tropics would do to it. But Small's Club Chocolate keeps its crisp freshness, even in the tropics. That's how good it is.



NICK CARTER, famous fiction detective, and Patricia, his wife, will be played from Station 2GB by John O'Malley and Brenda Dunrich.

New detective series

A new feature from Station 2GB will be the Nick Carter detective series starting next Monday, September 3, at 7.15 p.m. A new adventure will be played each week from Monday to Thursday, at this time.

NICK CARTER is one of the most famous detective characters in present-day fiction, and is widely broadcast in the United States, where a number of Nick Carter clubs have been formed.

Carter is a gay, impudent, and astute trailer of gangsters. He is aided in all his adventures by his sophisticated wife, Patricia.

The part of Nick will be played by John O'Malley in the Australian version of this American detective series. John O'Malley is well known for such characterisations as Dr. Saffka in "The Rains Came" and Oliver Essex in "My Son, My Son."

Brenda Dunrich, who has achieved success in a wide range of dramatic roles, has been chosen to play Patricia.

Macquarie playwright Maxwell Dunn has adapted the American stories of Nick and his adventures for the Australian broadcast, but has, of necessity, retained the American background.

The Nick Carter stories are closely akin in their mystery, humor, and dynamic action to the "Thin Man" series portrayed on the screen by William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Nick Carter's adventures develop out of each other in a quick, natural sequence of events, and each week a new case will be presented.

As well as having a penchant for crime and trouble, Nick Carter has a ray, ready wit which bubbles up even in moments of tension when real danger threatens.

In last week's issue it was stated that "Youth Speaks" is broadcast every Friday at 7.30 p.m. The time should have been 7.15 p.m.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 30: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 31 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.

FRIDAY, August 31: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, Sept. 1: Gaudie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Maiden Forename."

SUNDAY, Sept. 2 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, Sept. 3: Gaudie Reeve presents "Letters From the Services."

TUESDAY, Sept. 4: Gaudie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

Fashion PATTERNS

F2938



F2933.—Dressy frock that must be included in your summer wardrobe. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. and 1½ yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2935.—Fresh little floral for your summer outings. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2936.—Beautifully styled frock in black for important occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F2933



F2935



835

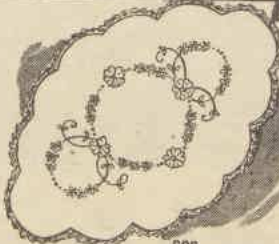
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 635

DAINTY FROCK IN PRETTY SHADES

With the pattern traced on crease-resisting hopack crepe in shades of sky-blue, China, jade-green, June rose, Allied blue, China lacquer-red, or white, this frock is ready to cut out and make up. Quaint hip-line pockets and shoulder feature embroidery motifs for working.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/41 (8 coupons), 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 38/41 (8 coupons). Postage, 1/2d.



636

No. 636.—TRAYCLOTH OR TABLE CENTRE

This pretty traycloth or table centre is available in a good-wearing British cotton in shades of blue, rose, or green; also white. The design is clearly traced, and is ready for you to embroider in vivid or pastel tones. Size of mat is 12in. x 18in. and edge is hemstitched ready for crocheted edge as shown in illustration. Price, 1/4 (10 coupons). Postage, 2½d. extra.

● PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"LUCINDA" COURTAIL BLOUSE

This dainty little blouse (shown left) has been specially fashioned in bridal beaute rayon satin in white only. Suitable for other formal or informal wear.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 42/8 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 45/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/2½ postage.
Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 33/8 (6 coupons). Postage, 1/2½ extra. Full instructions given for making.



"DAWN" BLOUSE FOR SLACERS OR SUIT

This smart tailored blouse is also made in white bridal beaute rayon satin. Waist is darted to fit, is adjusted with back belt.
Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 27/8 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 40/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/2½ postage.
Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 22/4 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 25/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/2½ postage. Full instructions given for making.



F2937

F2936



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue. UNDERWEAR FOR GIRLS 1-2, 2-4, 4-6 YEARS. Requires ½ yd. for bloomers and panties, 1½ yd. for petticoat.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue: 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:
Box 28A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 421C, G.P.O., Perth. Box 684W, G.P.O., Sydney.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
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Pattern Coupon, 1/8/45.

The Sick and Wounded....

"Red Cross needs your continued support. The generous help you have given in the past has enabled Red Cross to comfort our sick, our wounded and our prisoners of war, and to succour the poor distressed men, women and little children in the lands so sorely affected by this cruellest of wars.

And now that peace has come, there is, alas, an aftermath of permanent suffering for the Red Cross to alleviate. **So continue your support of Australian Red Cross—it will always be anxiously needed.**



RED CROSS SERVICES BEGIN . . .

FROM FIELD AMBULANCE



TO CASUALTY CLEARING STATION



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HOSPITAL SHIP



HOSPITAL TRAIN



BASE HOSPITAL



& CONVALESCENT HOME



Your help is still needed!

Australian **RED CROSS SOCIETY**

FOUNDED 1914.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER 1941.

Out Sweep

SUDDENLY he rose to his feet. The engines had stopped, and he could hear the Skipper's voice in undisguised rage. "I must go. Something has happened," he said.

On deck the place was in an uproar. The sweep wire had broken again—the second time in a week. The Skipper was pacing and cursing, while a flustered engineerman dragged in the trailing end on a creaking winch. Where efficiency is a fundamental, this was a black mark against the Lady Christopher, and the Skipper intended to drive it home. Six sweepers would be held up, while the position was rectified and the clearing of the lane delayed an hour.

It was not until a new wire had been trailed that the Skipper cooled down. With some diffidence Hall approached him, half expecting a torrent of abuse and the blame for the whole affair to be laid upon him. Instead, the Skipper addressed him in a tone that was serious and restrained.

"That wire was cut, Hall. Piled practically right through. You can examine it on your way down."

Hall stared at the Skipper for a moment. "Sabotage," he said slowly.

The Skipper nodded. "And the saboteur is aboard this ship. He's got to be found, or I'll put the whole crew under arrest."

Hall tried to think, but his thoughts all ran in the same direction. This was her game. Cleverly she had avoided an explanation of her presence, and he had been fool enough not to have exposed her at the beginning. Now it had to come.

He descended and walked straight to his cabin. Flinging open the door, he burst upon her.

"You're under arrest," he said brusquely. "It would be as well not to make a fuss."

"Indeed? Is this your new method of attack?"

He hesitated, struck by an unaccountable sense of the presence of a third person. He had seen no one on entry, yet the casualness of the girl's manner suggested that she had company. He whipped round to stare into the face of Erickson.

"What are you doing here, Erickson?" he demanded.

"I'm here to see you don't touch her."

Hall felt a sudden burst of temper. "Get out," he ordered.

"Not so hasty, Mr. Hall." There was a sinister note in Erickson's voice as he stepped closer. "I'd have some respect for this if I were you. Lay another hand on her and I'll kill you."

Hall turned toward the girl and felt the hard steel of the pistol in his back. He straightened up and tried to weigh his chances. A sudden swing behind his arm and he might knock the pistol from Erickson's hand. The girl still sat on the bed, but had moved down till she was almost behind him.

He whipped round with a determination to strike, but fast as his movement was, the girl's was faster. With a deft kick from her position on the bed, the gun was whirled from Erickson's hand across the room. Hall had his chance. With a quick movement he lunged at his opponent.

He studied the crumpled figure of the second mate for an instant, then turned to the girl.

"That's your game, is it? You work things well. You have someone to protect you in your sabotage."

The girl walked with measured calmness to the table where her bag lay. "Protect himself, Mr. Hall, not me. Perhaps you'll understand now why I'm here. Or perhaps you think it is beyond the War Office to smuggle a woman aboard a ship to achieve its object?"

"To sit in a cabin the whole time?"

"Not the whole time. I was in Erickson's for a short while last night."

"I was aware of that."

"But you were not aware that Erickson was not there. Saboteurs don't work in daylight, you know. For some time I have cultivated Erickson's acquaintance, ever since

we suspected him of enemy sympathies. That's why he hated you from the moment he found me in your cabin. But the bullet in his gun was not meant for you; it was meant for me. He missed the papers I have here before I managed to get off the ship."

Hall eyed the girl with a new feeling of respect. "I'm sorry if I've been rude," he said, "but now you must go to the skipper."

The girl smiled. "Skipper? Skipper Wales knows I'm here. It was he who showed me to your cabin."

As the twilight descended on the eastern shores of England the fleet of smoky trawlers made port. But for the White Ensigns, the scene may have been taken for the return of the trawlers from their fishing grounds in days of peace. Even Skipper Wales, standing on the bridge, appreciated the analogy. He watched with mischievous interest the animated conversation between Hall and the girl.

It takes good bait to catch big fish, he thought. But I must be careful that the bait I used to catch Erickson doesn't hook my first lieutenant.

(Copyright)

Continued from page 7

Lyle

her voice like a sword blade, said: "Stop! I won't be quarrelled over as if I were a bone! Understand that, both of you!"

It was Blaine she was concerned about, Mrs. Parton decided. Ridge must have thought so, too. His hooded eyes regarded her sombrely for a moment before he turned on his heel and went out again.

A single shot came from behind the trees, and again Mrs. Parton listened with a quickened pulse. There was no other.

She gave her final orders to Robbie, the foreman, and started back to the house. But the foreboding that had troubled her all morning now seized and shook her. She turned back to the road and went down it toward the pasture, still not quite admitting to herself why she was going nor what she expected.

She passed the woods, walking heavily as if under the weight of an extreme fatigue.

Finally she got through the fence wires and entered the pasture.

Ahead of her and to the left a branch cracked. Mrs. Parton's apprehension, her steps, quickened. She pushed into the dried underbrush that edged the woods. Some twenty feet ahead of her something stirred behind a tree.

She moved quietly, but the hand

that pushed aside the grasses was shaking. Mrs. Parton stood looking down at her son.

An almost unbearable sadness swept over her. The gloom of the woods, the black and sodden earth, all contributed to a feeling of despair. Ridge was her son. She had nursed him, watched over him, soothed his black furies, tended his hurts. For what? For this?

He was on his knees by the great trunk of a dead pine, bending over a motionless figure stretched out on the ground.

Mrs. Parton stepped forward. "Ridge! What happened?"

He lifted his head to look up at her with a strangely flat glance. "Accident," he said.

He turned back to Blaine, and she saw now that he was pressing his fingers into the hollow at the side of Blaine's neck.

"He's not—dead?"

"No. But the bullet hit the artery in his upper arm, too high up for a tourniquet. I've got to keep the pressure on it."

His voice, like his glance, was curiously blank, and the little spurt of hope that had flared up in his mother, the hope that there might be an innocent explanation for this, died as quickly as it had come.

Her own voice echoed his toneless: "I'll go for the doctor."

Fair Stranger

Continued from page 5

"Lyle's gone already . . . Come here and tend to the wound."

Mrs. Parton got down on to her knees. Her hands were deft as she took the big clasp knife from Ridge's pocket, and opened it and slit the heavy sleeve of Blaine's jacket. She cut off the flannel shirt sleeve beneath it and used it as a pad to staunch the flow of blood that Ridge's pressure had reduced to a trickle.

Lyle! How had she happened to be here? Mrs. Parton had thought she was in her room.

"How did it happen, Ridge?"

She got a shrug for an answer. "Accident! This was no accident. Blaine had grown up with guns and knew how to handle them as well as Ridge himself."

It was the girl who was responsible—Lyle Venner, with her perplexing charm, the beauty that seemed to go to men's heads and make them irresponsible. She had driven Ridge to this act of insanity, and Mrs. Parton felt a quick rush of hate.

One gun leaned against the big tree, but whether it belonged to Ridge or to Blaine she did not know. A slightly lumpy game-bag lay on the ground beside it. Blaine's bag still hung at his waist, empty. The second gun was not at first in sight, but her searching eyes finally located the dull glimmer of its barrel as it lay close to the bushes at the foot of the tree.

There was no sign of a struggle. The bullet had entered from the back. She thought, with a sensation of shock, "This isn't like Ridge, any of it. He might beat Blaine, or even shoot him, but never from the back."

She was lost in her bewilderment until voices roused her. Dr. Barrows had arrived, with a pair of negroes who were to carry Blaine in an improvised stretcher.

She got to her feet clumsily. John Barrows' eyes studied Ridge's face and his mother's, and found them both inscrutable. He asked no questions, however, but turned at once to his patient.

He looked up finally. "Good work, Ridge," he said. "I think you've saved him."

Ridge did not acknowledge the praise. The blankness held him.

Mrs. Parton had done all she could. She left them and started back to the house.

She entered the house by the back door into the hall, coming face to face with Lyle Venner.

The girl had changed her clothes and now wore an incredibly smart black suit and a tiny black cap. She put down the two bags she was carrying when she saw Mrs. Parton.

Mrs. Parton regarded her with a stolid hostility. Even the pretence of hospitality was beyond her now. "So you're leaving."

Lyle Venner's face wore a look of strain. The grey-green eyes did not meet Mrs. Parton's.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Parton. You've been kind, but—" She checked the words of automatic politeness and said sharply, "No. You haven't been kind. You've held me off, made me feel useless, chilled me. You've put me constantly in the wrong, and done it so subtly that I haven't even been able to defend myself. Why? Because my clothes weren't suitable—because they were chosen for a different life, a different life from this, and I had no others to bring? Or just because you were clutching at Ridge, unwilling to let him have a full life of his own?"

The quick angry words stopped abruptly. She said again, in a different tone, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Parton. Yes, I'm leaving."

Mrs. Parton clung to her own anger, allowed her feelings to boil up in her, to boil over. There was Ridge hurt beyond bearing, carrying a mental scar for the rest of his life; Blaine—blame and childish and charming Blaine—lying close to death; and this girl, the cause of it all, was unmoved except to run away like a frightened rabbit.

She said with contempt: "So you're running out. I declare I can't understand you, Lyle Venner. Don't you have any feeling at all? Don't you care about either one of them?"

Please turn to page 24

What's on your mind?

Peace uses for war canteens

I SUGGEST that a number of Service clubs and canteens should be continued and run as clubs for business men and women.

There is a great need for rest-rooms and shower service during lunch hours and between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. It might solve other youth problems, too, if supervised games and dancing could be organised.

Perhaps the servicemen and the girls who were regular guests in the clubs could form a plan to carry on by subscriptions and draw up some rules and a working roster, so that refreshments could be served and services maintained.

11 to A. I. Burgess, 33 Roslynale Ave., Woolahra, N.S.W.

Postwar hygiene

TO ensure future healthy living I suggest that bread, our main food, should be foremost in the post-war hygiene considerations. Before the war one or two bakers produced bread in cellophane wrappings.

Now we are often forced to buy bread which is appalling in its filthy outer state, and often contains questionable foreign materials negligently mixed with the baking ingredients.

The process of making bread should be conducted entirely by machine, and the bread then wrapped in dust-proof cellophane before leaving the factory.

5/- to Miss I. Braddock, Wellington Parade, East Melbourne.

Elastic school syllabus

YOUR correspondent "Bassett" (4/8/45) evidently thinks the school syllabus is elastic. If all suggested subjects were included in it our children would never have time to come home.

My education in history and geography was sacrificed for domestic science, which I could easily have learned at home. The modern tendency seems to relieve parents of all responsibilities except feeding and clothing their children. Any girl who cannot learn beauty culture from her mother or other girls is unteachable.

5/- to M. Bryce, 35 Montague St., New Town, Hobart.

Readers are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 50 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind", c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Thoughtless parents

PARENTS should consider others when their children have colds and are not feeling well, by keeping them at home and so prevent spreading the infection among other children. I have had unnecessary expense and worry with my own child picking up germs from these children at school.

5/- to Mrs. W. Woodvine, Mt. Prospect Crescent, Maylands, W.A.

Animated cartoons

THE suitability of animated cartoons for a matinee programme for children is indisputable, but their appeal to adult minds is something beyond my comprehension. The absurd antics and impossible actions of screen ducks, mice, and other creatures are surely an insult to the intelligence.

5/- to Mrs. J. Vockley, Artarmon Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.



"Perhaps you just imagine they're whistling at you."

Sunday night concerts

WHEN I arrived in Australia 30 years ago I missed the Sunday night concerts.

In England the crowded halls indicated the people's appreciation of good artists and musicians. I am sure Sunday night concerts would be well patronised by the majority of young people here. The jitters would find their favorite orchestra's rendition of "Poet and Peasant" quite as enjoyable as boogie-woogie.

5/- to Mrs. E. Rayner, Northcote St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

A creche at theatres

MOTHERS like everybody else, must have entertainment and the most popular form is pictures. They have to take the baby, who invariably cries in the most interesting part of the programme.

I have often wondered why enterprising theatre managers' haven't thought of establishing a creche or nursery in the large city theatres, with a semi-trained nurse in attendance. A nominal charge could be made. Mothers would appreciate the idea and the baby would certainly be in more restful surroundings.

5/- to H. M. Nash, 140 Alexander St., Crown's Nest, N.S.W.

Homes before migration

ALTHOUGH we badly need migrants in this country, let us hope that no migrant will be brought to Australia until our own people are properly housed.

Hundreds of families are living under most distressing conditions, and the release shortly of thousands of servicemen will make matters worse.

Surely the Government will not allow people to leave their own country until homes are ready for them? The promise of work alone is not sufficient.

5/- to Mrs. Doris Bowen, 13 Hanby St., Brighton, Vic.

Flats for spinsters

WE hear a lot about the shortage of accommodation for married couples, but what about the spinsters and business girls? They have been forgotten in the planning scheme.

If a block of flats in each suburb were devoted to single rooms and kitchenettes with hot-water service, what a boon this would prove, and also give them an independent outlook on life.

5/- to E. Lawson, Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

★★★ THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

THIS adaptation of the famous Oscar Wilde story is an interesting experiment by MGM. Considerable liberties have been taken with the original plot, but there has been no attempt to steer away from the morbidity of the theme. Comparative newcomer Hurd Hatfield shows little feeling as Dorian Gray, whose face retains all the beauty of youth during a hideous lifetime. He is responsible for four deaths before his own final collapse beside the picture which gradually changed to show the ravages of his career as he moved through his soul-selling existence. George Sanders as his evil genius steals the film honors, and suavely tosses off the Wilde epigrams in superbly cynical manner. Angela Lansbury as the little musical hall vocalist who suicides is most appealing, and Donna Reed also registers well. A magnificent job has been done by the artists responsible for the two pictures (in color) of Dorian Gray in youth and revolting decadent old age.—Liberty; showing.

★★ THUNDERHEAD—SON OF FLICKA

DRAMATIC highlight of this Fox sequel to "My Friend Flicka" is the fight between two white stallions, who struggle for the position of king of the roving herd. Filmed in technicolor and starring young Roddy McDowall as the ranch lad who hopes to make a Flicka colt a racehorse, the story is simple but has plenty of general appeal. While the human members of the cast, including Preston Foster, Rita Johnson, and an amusing small girl, Diana Hale, are thoroughly competent, audiences will more readily remember the magnificent shots of the roving horses and the astounding

Film Reviews

ing albino stallion. His ice-blue eyes and scornfully tossing head make him like a creature of legend.—Plaza; showing.

★★ THE UNSEEN

THIS Paramount thriller stars Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, and Gail Russell, but best performances are those of two promising youngsters, Richard Lyon and Nona Griffith. Interest is fairly well sustained, but most audiences will spot the killer long before the end. As the widower, David Fleming, round whose home murders keep occurring in fear-compelling circumstances, McCrea is suitably curt and grimly. Marshall as the family doctor is competent, but Gail Russell gives a thoroughly wooden performance as the governess who tries to solve the weird happenings and deal with the problem children of her employer.—Victory; showing.

★★ LAKE PLACID SERENADE

REPUBLIC went to town in a big way in producing a story with an ice-skating background, starring the photogenic, talented ice-skater, Vera Hruba Ralston. Unfortunately there is so much of everything from ice ballets, comedians, bands, and general lavishness, that the film is overloaded. As the Czech girl ice-skating star who has to remain in America when war breaks out and finds romance in Cinderella fashion, Miss Ralston is most attractive. Hero is Robert Livingston, and comedians Vera Vague, Walter Catlett, William Frawley, Andrew

Tombs, and Eugene Pallette dash in and out of the scenes with untiring energy.—Lyceum; showing.

★ I LOVE A MYSTERY

THIS of this odd little thriller from Columbia is promising, but the film itself doesn't justify it. The plot is about a supposedly weird Oriental group which offers \$10,000 for the head of a man to replace that of the long-since-dead founder of their organisation. The idea is hardly appealing to anyone (audiences included), but it's all a fake, originated by the man's avaricious wife, George MacGready is capable as the star—who keeps his head—but as his wife Nina Foch is not convincing.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

TARZAN AND THE AMAZONS

FOR Tarzan fans this REO release carries on in the old tradition, with Johnny ("Tarzan")

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Weissmuller and Jane (Brenda Joyce) getting mixed up in a mysterious African colony peopled only by women. A chimpanzee, Cheta, features largely in the subsequent adventures of Tarzan and Jane with the Amazon Queen (Maria Ouspenskaya).—Civic; showing.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

JUST another musical is about the best which can be said for this Fox production starring Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda, and Phil Silvers. The corny humor and heavy lush color are hard to take in the story of three relations who inherit an old plantation and turn it into a hotel for Army wives. Quite incredible is the suggestion that Carmen Miranda is a working



SONJA HENIE, who will appear soon in "It's a Pleasure," for International.

radio set, and there's nothing new in her song. Vivian Blaine looks pretty, and Silvers is occasionally amusing, but Fox should know better in future—we hope.—Empire; showing.

Fair Stranger

Continued from page 23

"Whether I want to or not, I've got to. Can't you see that?"

Lyle Venner's eyes said away from his then, and the stiffened shoulders sagged. She said very rapidly, "I tried to stop it this time—the quarrelling. I didn't encourage Blaine, but—don't you see?—I had to be decent to him, or—Ridge, there's cruelty in Blaine, slyness. I knew it from the beginning. He's afraid of you and he—wanted me. I could see it all starting again—the fighting. It destroys all my self-respect. It makes me feel soiled, and I won't tolerate any more of it. I tried to hold him off, tried to keep the peace until your leave was up. After that I knew we need never see him again, you and I."

Ridge insisted inexorably, "Lyle, what were you doing in the south woods this morning?"

She made a gesture of surrender. "I was following you. I didn't trust either of you—not your temper or Blaine's slyness. I thought you'd keep together . . ."

"But he saw you and dropped back?"

"No. He didn't see me. But he dropped back." Her voice hushed.

"Ridge, he was stalking you!"

MRS. PARTON

felt the chill of Lyle Venner's horror strike into her, too. These two men were cousins who had been together all their lives. In spite of their arguments, their fights, even, Blaine had always depended on Ridge. He could not have planned to kill him. She tried to tell herself that the girl was lying, but this time her prejudice failed her. There was bitter truth in the girl's tone and in her eyes.

The girl went on unhappily, "Why do you make me tell you this? If you'd only let me go—"

Ridge was unrelenting: "What happened then?"

"You had gone into the woods. He followed you, and I followed him. I don't think I was especially quiet—I wasn't trying to be—but he was so concentrated on trailing you that he never heard me. He got behind that big tree, and he lifted his gun."

She drew a long, shuddering breath, recalling the horror of that moment.

"I called to him, not letting him see that I knew . . . He leaned his gun against the tree and turned to me. I could see he thought I had followed him for—well, for the pleasure of his company. It was revolting. I kept seeing you as you might have been, Ridge—perhaps lying in a pool of water under the moss . . ."

"He had taken a snap toward me when we heard the snap of a branch back where you were. And I could see the thought forming behind his eyes—actually, I could see it—the thought that he'd have me as witness to the 'accident.' He said, 'A deer!' and he reached behind him slowly, like a man in a dream, for the gun he had leaned against the tree. I thought I shouted, but I suppose I only whispered, really,

"That's not a deer. That's Ridge, Blaine. You know it's Ridge." He already has hold of the gun's barrel. He jerked as if I'd awakened him.

"I didn't lie to you, Ridge. It was an accident. I think the end of a stiff twig caught the trigger. Those bushes there—"

Ridge said, "Poor, crazy devil. But when you called me, when I came, why didn't you tell me?"

"I was ashamed. Can't you realise that? Ashamed. You two were cousins. You'd been fond of each other, friends. And I'd done this to you. I'd almost made a murderer of Blaine, and then perhaps had killed him myself. Oh, not directly, but I wanted to hide away, and I still do. I'm going back where I belong."

"You belong where I am," Ridge told her. "We belong to each other, and you know it."

"I thought so. I thought places didn't matter—only people. Only you, Ridge," the girl said. "But it's not true. I'm going."

She picked up the bags again and brushed past him, running, stumbling under their weight. Ridge took them away from her, and strode along beside her toward the shed where they kept the car. Her slender back was stiff and straight, and she did not turn her head to look at him.

Mrs. Parton should have been glad. This was what she had wanted—to see this stranger go. Yet she had a sense of loss, as if by deliberation she had thrust away something neither she nor Ridge could spare.

The old station wagon came out of the shed, the girl driving it, her face set and white. But Ridge was in the seat beside her, still talking. Mrs. Parton became aware of Evalina standing at her shoulder, staring out through the open door and shaking her white-turbaned head gloomily.

"At's bad, Mis' Manda. She his 'oman. He shouldn't let her go." Evalina was right. She had sensed from the beginning what Mrs. Parton had failed to see through the mists of her jealousy. It was Ridge and Lyle who were two of a kind in their strength and their spirit and their love. Blaine was, and always had been, the outsider.

Evalina shut the door, and by a common instinct the two turned into the sitting-room that looked out on the lane. They stood one on each side of the window, waiting. They watched a long time, seeing nothing but the empty arch of the great trees. But at last they heard the car beyond the last curve, and both held their breaths. Would Ridge be coming back alone?

The station wagon was almost in front of the house before they could see that, although Ridge was driving it now, Lyle Venner was still with him. Beyond his shoulder her face was grave but serene.

The two women turned to each other and smiled.

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MAGIC and MOONLIGHT

A Programme of Hawaiian Legends and Melodies



Norma Francis as Hine

The love story of Hine, a Hawaiian maid, and Nohi, her lover, told against a background of lovely South Sea songs and legends, to the lilting guitars of the Royal Hawaiians. A programme so easy to listen to.

FRIDAY 7.45 P.M. 2GB

FINE RECORD OF WAR WORK

THREE of Hollywood's dramatic stars who have fine records of war work are Jennifer Jones (right), Ann Dvorak (below), and Joan Fontaine.

Recently Jennifer Jones was presented with a gold medal by the War Activities Committee. She won the medal for her voluntary work in hospitals and her cross-country travels on behalf of the Red Cross, War Bonds, and the Home Nursing Organisation.

Ann Dvorak was the first American woman to win a commission in the British Ambulance Corps when, as a lieutenant, she drove an ambulance in England from 1940 to 1944. She then relinquished her commission and joined the Women's Land Army of England.

Joan Fontaine is a fully trained Red Cross Voluntary Nurse's Aide, and she works three days a week at the Children's Hospital in Hollywood, where she starts duty at seven o'clock each morning.

• **JENNIFER JONES** (right), brunette Paramount star, who will be seen soon starring with Joseph Cotten in "The Love Letters." She recently was granted a divorce from film-actor husband Robert Walker, after five years of marriage.

• **ANN DVORAK** (below) has resumed her film career after five years in England, and will co-star with John Wayne in Republic's "Flame of the Barbary Coast," a tale of the San Francisco earthquake.



• **JOAN FONTAINE** has her first comedy role in Paramount's "The Affairs of Susan." She has four leading men, Walter Abel, George Brent, Denis O'Keefe, and Don DeFore, and a stunning wardrobe with twenty-eight chic modern outfits.

Hilarious romantic comedy...



1 ANXIOUS TO MEET Czarina Catherine the Great, Lieutenant Alexei (William Eythe) goes to the Palace where he sees his fiancée, Countess Anna (Anne Baxter), with the astute old Chancellor (Charles Goburn).



2 THOUGH the Czarina (Tallulah Bankhead) pretends interest in Alexei's military news, she finds him more attractive as an individual.



3 SOON he is a Colonel, but Catherine's desire to monopolise him is resented by Anna, who tells Alexei that he is being fooled.



4 ALL ATTEMPTS by Catherine to persuade Anna to free Alexei are useless; then Catherine discovers there has been a plot arranged by some generals to depose her from the throne.



6 FURIOUSLY Alexei confronts Catherine, telling her that her charm for him is gone, unceremoniously dumps her in a waste-paper basket as a sign that her reign is over.

5 THE REBELS persuade Alexei to join them, by telling him stories against Catherine, whom he adored.



7 THE PLOT is foiled, and Alexei and Anna reunited, while a new interest appears for Catherine.

A Royal Scandal

A COMPLETELY scintillating but extremely humorous episode in the life of the famous Russian Czarina, Catherine the Great, makes "A Royal Scandal" a sophisticated comedy directed by Ernst Lubitsch for Fox. It stars Tallulah Bankhead as the capricious Czarina who combines affairs of state with many affairs of the heart.

FACIAL HAIRS

Banish unsightly facial hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissue. Finally the devastating effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/4½), from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 311 George St., Sydney; Swift's Pharmacy, 376 Little Collins St., Melbourne; C. A. Edwards, 226 Edward St., Brisbane; and Bicks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 57B Rundle St., Adelaide.



ROSEMAN WONDER HAIR BRUSH

A woman's glamour starts with her hair, and one certain way of having a beautiful crowning glory is by constant brushing. Roseman Wonder Hair Brushes are designed for to-day's hair-dressing styles, the strong bristles bringing out the natural beauty of your hair... stimulating the scalp and preventing dandruff.

Roseman

Health Brush

There is more to a bath than soap and water. Every bath should leave you refreshed, glowing and abounding with new energy. That's why you should use the Roseman Wonder Health Brush, designed not only to get you cleaner than any wash cloth, but also to tone up your whole system.



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P.O.S.

PRETTY IN PRINT

• Red-and-white monotone print, pretty, soft, feminine, the frock sleeveless, with a low-cut back. Just tie on a little separate cape to wear in the street. (Left.)

• Black rayon, candy-striped in red and white, plain and straight as a stick, cap-sleeved, cool; with white accessories. (Right.)

• Wear this anywhere on a hot day. A brief bolero top ties on with a large soft bow over a strap-top, backless dress in snow-spotted yellow rayon. (Below.)



• Cool - making, this sleeveless shirtmaker in lattice-printed cotton. Pockets are outlined with crisp white frills.



• Another cap-sleeved, backless, hot-day dress. Red-brown rayon spattered with clusters of small white flowers.

**SCRAPHEAP-
HERE I COME!**
NO POT OR PAN CAN
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE
THINGS CLEAN



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
-NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU CAN'T GET QUALITY
LIKE MINE TODAY, YET I'M
GOOD AS EVER. THAT'S
SMOOTH-CLEANING WITH
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES!



Vim 4-32

Sow these in your VEGETABLE GARDEN

THE first things to go in during the cool to balmy days of spring are French beans.

Tomato plants can be safely set out of doors in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth if given some protection during September, and some more seed can be sown each month until December.

Carrots, parsnips, beetroots, radishes and white turnips will also help to reduce the cook's budget if sown this month in soil that was well manured for cauliflowers, cabbages or some other crop that has finished.

The shallots that you set out early will appreciate a little liquid manure, and onions that were set out months ago will benefit from a dose of weak sulphate of ammonia.

Potatoes can still be sown in many places, but the season is getting a bit late for Sydney and other warm areas. Cabbages are often set out at this time of the season, but they always run into hot weather, and during spring and summer months pests are particularly troublesome.

Climbing and dwarf beans of all sorts can be safely sown in coastal, frost-free districts. The soil should be deep and fertile—and beans like lime or superphosphate.

Sow seed of lettuces now, preferably those that stand up to hot weather, such as Imperial 947 and Imperial 44, Iceberg and Mignonette. Soil must be rich and water supply ample for quick growth.

Egg-plant, silver beet, roseella, cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes, and



marrows can be sown in districts free from frost this month. The soil should be very rich for the cucurbits.

Globe artichoke, a delicious vegetable rarely seen here, takes two years to reach cropping stage, but the leafy thistle-like buds are well worth cultivating. The plants need at least 8 ft. square space.

In all cases, protect young vegetable seedlings from adverse winds and possible late frosts; see that the drainage is good, and dust or spray to prevent pests and diseases from the time they come through the ground until they are ready to harvest.

—OUR HOME GARDENER

ABOVE: Amateur gardeners can grow all these vegetables — and more — in the home garden. And now is the time to make the first sowings for the spring and summer season, unless, of course, your district is still in the throes of wintry weather.

BEAUTY HINTS

START to-day by drinking more water for your health and beauty. Eight glasses per day should be the minimum.

KEEP your chin firm and lovely. Cream well underneath and then slap with hands, using the back of each one alternately.

SO beautifying: Cream your face and allow to remain on while having a warm bath. Then remove with a soft towel, using upward and outward movements.

DON'T pluck eyebrows unless you really have to. If you must, first smooth cream over, brush into shape. After you have finished, use astringent to close pores.



WORTH COPYING. Ava Gardner, MGM player, makes sure that her foundation is dry by blotting it gently with a tissue. This, she says, brings out the natural highlights and heightens the expression. Occasional spots are plastered every night with calamine lotion.

£220 FOR



"Miss KOLYNOS" of the month

£10 each month for the loveliest smile sent in.
£100 at the end of the year for the smile that newspaper readers vote the best.

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Conditions are simple

- (1) You must be a regular user of Kolynos.
- (2) Send a photograph of yourself, taken showing your Kolynos smile, to "Kolynos", 44 Bridge Street, Sydney. Your name (Christian and surname) and address, must be clearly written on the back of photograph. The following information must also be added: Colouring of your hair and eyes. Your occupation. Any ambition you might have. Your favourite sport. Your favourite hobby.
- (3) Kolynos has the rights to use photographs of prize-winners only in advertising.

We judge your smile and our decision is final.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHY not decorate your cakes and sweets with chopped jelly? Place the jelly on wet, greaseproof paper and chop with a wet knife. This will keep it clear and brilliant.

DON'T forget to add a teaspoonful of ammonia to the hot, soapy water when you are washing your brush and comb. It makes all the difference.

WHEN diluting hydrogen of peroxide, do so with cold water. Hot water allows the free oxygen to escape, and so renders the solution useless for cleaning or bleaching.

WASH pigskin gloves in warm, soapy water, and then rinse in clear tepid water. Remove excess water with a towel, and then leave on another towel to dry thoroughly.

NEXT time you have to mark your linen with ink, do so with lead pencil first. You will find that this will prevent the marking-ink from running.



TOO-FREQUENT cleaning is hard on present-day fabrics. Frances Rafferty (MGM) removes powder from neckline of black dress by first brushing, then wiping gently, with piece of black cloth dipped in strong black coffee.

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months. **MIDENE**

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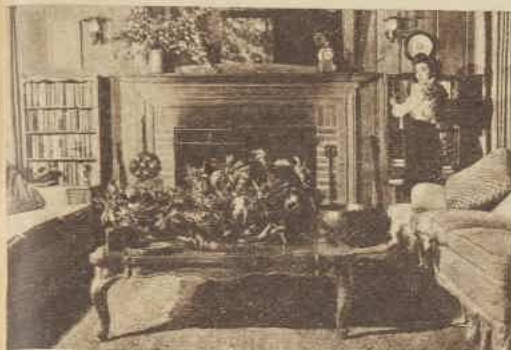
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HOME DECORATION

How to achieve rest, unity, and space



FIREPLACE ARRANGEMENT. The only fault here is the overcrowded table. A smaller bowl of flowers would suffice.

HAVE you ever entered a room where the furniture was overcrowded, making you feel hemmed in and restless?

Rest, unity, and space are the three main elements we must seek when arranging furniture, no matter what room we may be decorating. Before buying the furniture, let us take the measurements of our room and try to decide how much furniture it will hold comfortably, and what amount will be needed for comfort.

The best way to do this is to take a large piece of paper and make a floor plan to scale, using one-half inch to the foot, and marking off the square feet by ruling the lines across the paper. Fireplace, windows, doors should be carefully in-

dicted and which way they open.

The outline of furniture, as it stands on the floor, should be cut from a colored piece of heavier paper, and placed on the floor plan in the suggested positions. We can then move our pieces of furniture about until we feel we have created a satisfactory arrangement and are sure that the pieces are neither too big nor too small for the room.

Unless we want to be ultra-modern, the placing of our furniture in a room should follow the lines of normal reasoning. Walls are parallel, therefore long heavy furniture should be placed parallel with the walls.

A sofa or bookcase should never be placed across a corner unless it is curved or made to fit the corner.

Cutting the room in a diagonal manner like this immediately reduces its size.

SIMPLICITY: Although the bedroom pictured above is charmingly feminine it is free of clutter — all non-essentials eliminated.

By
NORA S. McDOUGALL
Graduate of Interior Decoration,
New York, Lecturer in Home
Decorations for the Army Educational Services.



The eye follows every line to its end, whether we are aware of it or not; therefore, if we put too many anti-parallel lines in our room, such as small rugs diagonally across a floor, our eyes, and eventually our brain, become tired and restless even if we are not conscious of the cause.

A room should have a principal point of interest. If it is lucky enough to possess an attractive fireplace, this will be the main centre from which to work, more especially in winter. We should arrange our chairs about it so that there is an encouragement for relaxation, in a group that will not exclude the rest of the room yet will lend itself to intimate conversation.

Invitation to rest

IF the room is large, perhaps another group may be arranged with a couch or desk in a quiet spot, with a good reading-lamp and a comfortable chair nearby.

Never leave large chairs or sofas isolated on walls or in corners. This gives the room a static and uninvited appearance.

If a chair must be away by itself, why not place beside it a lamp or small table on which a book, an ash-tray, or some small vase of flowers or ornament may rest?

Wall balance plays a large part in furniture arrangement. If a room, for example, has two windows or french doors on one wall, the opposite wall should have a large piece of furniture such as a couch, and, if the room permits, two lamp-tables or chairs at either end to form a group. A large picture or a group of small pictures (never a mirror on this wall) will help to balance the height and weight of the windows with their drapes.

By arranging our furniture parallel with the walls as much as possible and by not overcrowding our rooms we will be achieving that sense of restfulness that we all crave in our homes.

By balancing the amount of furniture to its opposite wall we will gain unity in our arrangement. And by keeping the centre of the room free from tables, and passageways between doors clear of furniture, we will attain that feeling of space that no isolation of individual chairs can ever give.

LAWRENCE LEONG
Ph.C. (Hongkong), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)
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CUTEX MANICURE

Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of Cutex. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
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- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL



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The rewards of six years of struggle and sacrifice are in sight. Not the least of them will be an unrestricted return to the comfort and youthful contour imparted by Lady Ruth Practical Front Corsets and Charma Underlift Brassieres.

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MAKE your own marmalade. It's easy, very British, and very satisfying. There's nothing like a row of crystal pots, gleaming like molten gold, to pep up your pride in yourself.

Bitter oranges make the best marmalade; they contain more pectin, and so jell better.

Lemons are rich in pectin, and so are included in most marmalades.

Limes, sweet oranges, mandarins, and grapefruit can be used for marmalades, either alone or in combination.

Oranges and lemons should be just ripe, otherwise jelling may be poor.

The rind of citrus fruit needs long, slow cooking in plenty of water to tenderise it.

Quick cooking is necessary after sugar is added. Slow cooking after sugar is added darkens the marmalade and also tends to destroy the jelling quality of the fruit.

There are several tests for jelling point when the marmalade is

sufficiently cooked. When the liquid in the pan is lifted on a spoon and poured back, it sheets away from the spoon if sufficiently cooked. Bubbles break immediately they reach the surface when the jelly is ready for bottling.

The surest test is to take a small spoonful of the liquid in the pan, pour on to a cold plate, and set aside in a cold place for a minute or two; if the surface crinkles when the dish is moved a light jelly has been reached.

APPLE MARMALADE

Two pounds Granny Smith apples, 1 medium lemon, 3 medium-sized oranges, water, sugar.

Peel and core apples, tying parings in muslin. Add bag to sliced apples, oranges, and lemon, cover with water and leave 24 hours.

Cook gently until fruit rind is tender, 1 to 1½ hours. Remove muslin bag. Weigh contents of pan and add equal weight of warmed sugar to these quantities, about 6lb. Cook briskly until mixture jells when tested. Bottle and seal.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE

One grapefruit (large), 1 orange, 1 large lemon, 4 pints water, 3lb. sugar.

Scrub fruit and shred peeled rind as finely as possible with a sharp, stainless knife or patent shredder. Cut peeled fruit in two, scoop out pulp, remove seeds, and discard seeds and white pithy case. Cover rind and fruit pulp with water. Cook gently until tender, about 1 hour. Add warm sugar and cook briskly, 10 to 15 minutes, until the mixture jells when tested. Cool a little before bottling so that the rind will be evenly distributed through the jelly.

CLEAR SHRED MARMALADE

Ten oranges, 3 lemons, 8lb sugar, 9 pints water.

Scrub oranges and lemons. Cut in halves and squeeze juice.

Shred rind with adhering pith and flesh as finely as possible and tie about 3oz of the fine shreds in a muslin bag. Cover bag, remaining

shreds, and juice with water and simmer gently until rind is tender, about 1½

hours. Remove bag of shreds and rinse them in cold water. Strain remaining contents of pan through a clean, scalded cloth or jelly-bag. Add warmed sugar, and cook quickly for 5 to 10 minutes or until it jells when tested. Then stir in the rinsed shreds. When nearly cold pour into pots and seal. The strained and discarded pulp can be reboiled with enough water to cover for a further hour, and then juice of 2 more lemons and equal quantity of sugar added and extra marmalade obtained.

MANDARIN MARMALADE

Three pounds mandarins, 1 grapefruit, 1 lemon, 4 quarts water, 4lb. sugar.

Wash fruit, cut in halves, squeeze juice, and shred finely the fruit cases. Tie about half the shredded rind and pulp loosely in muslin. Discard pips and centre pith. Put water, juice, shredded pulp, rind, and bag of shreds into preserving

GOLDEN MARMALADE, gleaming in clear glass pots, cheers the eye and tempers the breakfast appetite.

pan. Boil slowly until rind is tender and contents of pan reduced to half. Remove bag of shreds after boiling about 1 hour and rinse them well in cold water. Strain contents of pan through a scalded cloth. Add sugar to strained liquid and boil rapidly 5 to 10 minutes or until it jells when tested. Cool and then stir in the rinsed shreds. Bottle and seal.

PRESERVED WHOLE CUMQUATS

Cumquats, lemon, water, and sugar.

Wash cumquats and prick with darning needle. Cover with water liberally and boil gently until tender. Drain away liquid. Make a syrup of ½ pint liquid, 1½lb. sugar, and juice of 1 lemon to every 1lb. cumquats. Boil this for 20 minutes, add fruit, and boil further 15 minutes. Bottle and seal.

CARROT MARMALADE

Two pounds carrots, 3 medium-sized oranges, 1 lemon, water, sugar.

Shred carrots coarsely, add finely sliced oranges and lemon and barely cover with water. Cook gently until fruit rind is tender, 1 to 1½ hours. Add about 1 cup sugar to each cup of mixture. Cook rapidly until the mixture jells. Cool slightly, bottle and seal.

A few pots of MARMALADE

100 GNS. IN PRIZES FOR DRAWING



Fortuna, as depicted by Michael Angelo in one of his earliest drawings before he came to fame.

1st Prize 50 gns. 2nd Prize 25 gns.
3rd Prize 10 gns. 15 Prizes of 1 gn.

CONDITIONS:

1. The above cash prizes will be awarded for the best drawings of the Goddess Fortuna.
2. The drawing should be the student's own conception of the Goddess Fortuna, who was represented by classical poets and sculptors in many varied forms.
3. The competition is open to art students and service men and women under the age of 21.
4. The judges will be Frank Medworth, Esq., Lecturer in Charge, East Sydney Technical College; George Bell, Esq., Lecturer at the National Gallery, Melbourne; Howard Ashton, Esq., President, Royal Art Society. The decision of the majority of the judges is to be final.
5. The winning design, which may be executed in any drawing medium, to become the property of Fortuna Fabrics Pty. Ltd.
6. The competition closes November 20th, 1945. Only entries received up to and on this date eligible.
7. Results will be published in the press of 15th December, 1945.

Write for an entrance form and facsimile of the above original drawing of the Goddess Fortuna, and details of the various methods of representation by classical poets and sculptors to—FERGUS CANNY PTY. LTD., 11c CASTLECREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize to new grill

Devilled mutton steaks served with crisp salad are a bright suggestion for spring menus. This recipe wins main prize this week for a reader.

CASH prizes are awarded each week to recipes from readers. Let spring pep up your menu imagination, and send in the results to this contest.

DEVILLED MUTTON STEAKS

Half-inch mutton steaks cut from leg of mutton (about 4), 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, salt, pepper.

Combine seasoning ingredients and rub on to steaks. Leave for several hours and then grill, searing under a hot grill for 1 or 2 minutes each side, and then reducing heat and cooking gently for 6 to 10 minutes. Serve freshly cooked with lemon wedges, minted new potatoes or fried potato slices, hot green vegetable in season or crisp salad greens tossed in clear dressing. If any of the liquid in which the meat was marinated is left, serve as a sauce with the meat.

A jointed chicken prepared in this way is delicious for a special dinner. First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Mary K. Halloran, 16 Lachlan St., Hay, N.S.W.

CARAMEL TART FILLING

One cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, few drops vanilla essence.

Combine all ingredients and cook, stirring, until thick and smooth. Best cooked over boiling water. Egg-whites may be used for meringue. Try in an orange-flavored short-pastry case.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ronald Hare, Public School, Hobby's Yards, via Newbridge, N.S.W.



FEATHER SPICE CAKE WITH FLUFFY MOCHA FROSTING

Two and a half cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon powdered nutmeg, 1 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup golden syrup, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and spices. Cream the shortening, add the sugar, and beat until well creamed. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Soften the golden syrup slightly and add to the mixture. Lastly, fold in the sifted flour alternately with the milk. Bake in two 8in. sandwich tins, in a moderately hot oven (350deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Cool, fill and spread top with fluffy mocha frosting.

Frosting: Two ounces shortening, 2 cups icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons strong coffee. Cream the shortening, add sifted icing sugar and cocoa alternately with the coffee.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. N. Litchfield, 3 Curnow St., Brighton, S.A.

FOR A SUNNY DAY plan menus that can be served on verandah buffet . . . vegetable salad with meat loaf, lemon meringue tarts, rhubarb jelly, and iced tea served with mint sprigs.

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A regular Amami Shampoo will keep your hair healthy and attractive, your scalp scrupulously clean. Whatever you do—remember your Amami Shampoo. Price 11½d. (including rinse).



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Rubbing and scrubbing wears clothes out in no time. That's why you need Velvet. Its extra-soapy suds wash away deep-seated grime with very little help from you. Fabrics stay firm and strong. Decide now to try Velvet Soap next wash-day. See how fresh and bright it makes your clothes! See how Velvet saves constant replacements!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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PRO'S GOOD TIP



Say "Hello" to Sam Walsh, golf professional. Looks a nice sort of a job, but old Sol isn't his partner all the year round. "Lessons go on right through the winter", he says, "and you can imagine I get pretty cold out there just standing around. Still, a cup of hot Bonox now and then puts new life into me". Sam's got something there! That steaming cup of delicious Bonox hits the spot—and warms it up. Bonox sends new vitality racing through your bloodstream . . . keeps old man 'Ru away, and gives you a quick lift when you need it most. Drink Bonox every day.

Make the most of vegetables

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IF you have a young and growing family it is important that you should know something of the food-values of the various vegetables.

Vegetables as well as milk form the basis of the diet of babies and young children.

They supply many of the important mineral salts and vitamins which are so necessary for good nutrition.

A leaflet giving the food-values of most of our vegetables, with hints on cooking them, has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

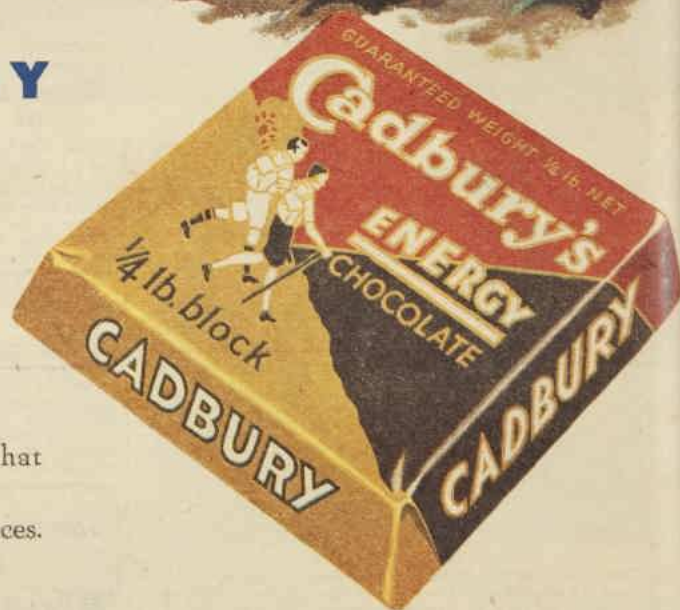
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The original modelling material made by **HARBUTT'S**



OUTDOOR ENERGY

In normal times a picnic in the bush would be incomplete without a block of Cadbury's Energy Chocolate. Apart from adding enjoyment to the occasion, Energy Chocolate is a splendid between-meals snack. Such is its food value that to-day large quantities are being supplied to the Services.



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